

P O E M S

O N

VARIOUS OCCASIONS:

B Y

S A M U E L B E N T L E Y.



P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

BY

SAMUEL BENTLEY

P O E M S  
O N  
VARIOUS OCCASIONS:  
CONSISTING OF  
O R I G I N A L P I E C E S  
A N D  
T R A N S L A T I O N S,  
B Y S A M U E L B E N T L E Y.  
T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ,  
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
Ausî deferere, et celebrare domestica facta,  
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.  
Hor. de Arte Poet.



L O N D O N:  
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P R E F A C E





# P R E F A C E.

AS it is by the desire of honourable and most worthy friends, that I have ventured at the publication of the following Poetical trifles ; and as some very distinguished personages have been pleased (though perhaps with too much partiality) to honour them with their approbation in manuscript, I flatter myself that they are not wholly destitute of merit ; and hope they will be received with candour by my honourable and worthy Subscribers, and by the Public in general.

Some of the Latin pieces were written several years since ; as were also most of the smaller English ones, and the translations : the Bowling-



Green is one of the latest productions ; and how the Public may be pleased with the versification, the conduct, and mechanical parts of it, I cannot pretend to say ; but as I think very little has been written upon the subject, it will be found, at least, to be an original : very little of the machinery of antiquity made use of by Vida in his *Schaccia*, could be introduced into it ; nor could much be gathered from Mr. Addison, who only gives us the outlines of the diversion of the Bowling-Green in his *Sphæristerium*.

I could have wished to have bestowed a great deal more time on the Essay on Painting, as I proposed to have made it my principle subject : but the very earnest solicitations of my friends to have the publication forwarded, made it impossible for me to pursue the subject so far as I had intended ; nor had I time to give what I have written of it,

those

those delicate touches which were so very requisite in a piece of so nice a nature.

There is a Greek sentence which I have seen somewhere, and I suppose it to be one of the symbols, or mystical mottos of the old Philosopher Pythagoras, which is,

Τὴν ὀξύδα ἀποσρέφειν ἀπὸ σαυτῶν.

The literal sense of which is, *Keep the vinegar cruet far from you*. It is an expression which seems particularly addressed to the critical, or more properly to the satirical fraternity: I make no doubt my friends will pay a due regard to it: and to those who only choose to see imperfections, I shall say with Mr. Pope,

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;  
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.



Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
 A fool might once himself alone expose,  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

A part of the River Dove has been printed; but it was at the request of particular friends whom it was impossible to oblige with it in any other way; it ought, upon that account, to have escaped criticism: but the good, the virtuous, and impartial Monthly Reviewers laid hold on it, and did all in their power to condemn it: while the other Reviewers and periodical Writers, with good-nature and candour said as much in its commendation. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*: so with respect to criticism it is still just upon a par: but it is no wonder I drew upon me the resentment of the Monthly Reviewers when I mentioned some worthy Clergymen of the established Church with particular respect; as they are all

Sectaries

Sectaries of some denomination or other, it was sure to produce condemnation from them: the capital manner in which those Cynics attempted to shew their teeth, would have succeeded just as well upon the Carmen seculare of Horace, or on that poem of divine inspiration, the Psalms of David: but as I have no reason to regard them, and to let them know in what a contemptuous light I hold them, I shall present them with the following lines:

To you, Reviewers, now I write,  
 Who, ever full of spleen and spite,  
 With despicable rancour strove,  
 To cavil with the River Dove;  
 And fain wou'd have it understood,  
 'Tis quite fill'd up with dirt and mud;  
 When 'tis well known, so swift it glides,  
 No filth within it long abides;  
 And where its current smoothly flows,  
 Its bosom pure the heavens shews;  
 Its mountain-tops look gay and funny,  
 Its vallies flow with milk and honey.

These



These monthly grave and sage Reviewers,  
 With filth skim'd out of common-sewers,  
 Of most envenom'd inky matter,  
 The Dove-dale ditty durst bespatter ;  
 And more like fiends, than merry wags,  
 Wanted to rip it all to rags,  
 With paltry poor pedantic rules,  
 From el'emofynary schools ;  
 Fixing, to gain their black design,  
 Huge Cynic teeth betwixt each line ;  
 And, in their arbitrary way,  
 Just what they please, pretend to say ;  
 Transposing Rustic to Sublime,  
 The Pathos, to the Comic rhyme :  
 But may the snarling Junto know,  
 The song must live while Dove shall flow.

---

E R R A T A.

Page 19, line 13, *for* sorded, *read* sordid.

Page 33, line 13, *for* hush, *read* hush'd.

Page 173, line 16, *for* and, *read* on.

Page 187, line 3, *for* Pulcrum, *read* Pulchrum.

line 9, *for* pulchrà, *read* pulchrà.

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[ 1 ]

O D E.

*Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα.*

**T**O thee Oh! Lord my voice I raise;

With adoration, flow my lays!

Pervading all my frame;

Awake my voice, and tuneful lyre,

Be swell'd with soft Seraphic fire,

To praise my maker's name,

But Oh! what Muse with feeble wing,

Can with befitting praises sing,

Eternal life, and love;

That cou'd the heavens, earth, sea, air,

From Chaos bring to order fair,

And all sustain and move,

B

One



One universal perfect soul,  
 One Deity directs the whole,  
     One true and only Lord :  
 Father of all ; who all informs ;  
 Who Man with life and reason warms,  
     Created by his word.

Excelling all that most excell,  
 Who thy omnipotence can tell ;  
     Or where at first begun ;  
 Or, where thy providence extends,  
 The regular confusion ends ;  
     Or wonderfully run.

To thee, the lark, when pois'd on high,  
 Sings hallelujahs in the sky,  
     And celebrates thy praise :  
 To thee, the softly-cooing dove,  
 Murmurs his plaintive song of love,  
     In pure, pathetic lays.

'Tis

'Tis to thy praise, the lambkins bound,  
 With nimble feet, and beat the ground,  
     And join the gen'ral voice,  
 Of nature, in its sphery chime,  
 Where sun, and moon, and stars keep time,  
     And all in thee rejoice.

Shall Man ungratefully be still?  
 When all the gen'ral chorus fill!  
     To God be ever given,  
 With humble gratitude my praise:  
 With sacred raptures wing'd, my lays  
     Ascend! from earth to heaven.



On a particular E M I G R A T I O N.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
 Multa ? quid terras alio calentes  
 Sole mutamus ? patriæ quis exul  
 Se quoque fugit.                      HOR.

**A**LAS ! how few tranquillity can find,  
 How few enjoy the sweetness of repose !  
 Not those whom wealth, and splendid honours blind,  
 Are least tormented with corroding woes.

Vainly ambitious of encreasing pow'r  
 How all are bent on titles, wealth, or fame !  
 How, tho' uncertain of a day, or hour,  
 All to be greater, and yet greater aim !

Who but observes the bustle of resort,  
 The busy folly of the giddy throng,  
 How, each, to each, will pay a servile court !  
 Their various passions pushing them along.

Well

Well might he think, tho' here the arts refin'd,  
 Politest learning, and wide commerce reign,  
 With peace most welcome to the tranquil mind;  
 The seeming happy, happiness must feign.

Yet those who know th' unconquerable toil,  
 Th' unweary'd perils of the stormy main,  
 Shou'd with contentment eating cares beguile,  
 When fortune's favours few completely gain.

Most happy they, conforming to the times,  
 Who taste serene the good, and ill they know,  
 Nor venture rashly to remoter climes,  
*In ev'ry region virtue finds a foe.*

When blest'd with friends, with competence, and ease,  
 With elegance of form, and mental grace,  
 Knowing with voice of melody to please,  
 And Oh! with roses blushing in the face;



Ah! why such certainty of good forsake,  
 Expos'd beneath intolerable skies,  
 Midst savage men, more murd'rous than the snake,  
 Tempt foreign woes, which foreign arts disguise.

Ah! how unlike the verdant banks of Dove,  
 Must prove that wild and melancholy shore,  
 Beyond th' Atlantic, where the wretched rove,  
 Far from the charming scenes they knew before.

And must you never, never more return!

This last sad tribute must the Muse now pay?  
 What can she more—but drop a tear and mourn,  
 And end this almost elegiac lay.

## The SPANIEL DOG.

Ὁ Κύων τῆ παιδαρίας.

SEPT.

PRETTY little Pompey why,

All thy frolic, all thy joy?

Why, thy skipping by my side,

When I walk, or when I ride?

Why, thy quick display of sense,

Why, thy panting eloquence?

Why, thy blandishments prolong,

With thy pretty vermil tongue?

All thy actions well express,

Constant love, and faithfulness.

Wond'rous actions may we trace,

Of the antient canine race;

Other creatures from us fly,

Or thro' fear, or enmity;

Some escape us thro' the grove,

And thro' wildernesses rove;



Fences, some will scarce contain;  
 Some with bridles we restrain:  
 Dogs alone our steps attend,  
 Like a faithful, constant friend.

Dogs delightful to us prove,  
 With their voluntary love;  
 Gratitude, which ever charms,  
 All the little creatures warms;  
 Some amuse our leisure hours,  
 With their wanton sportive pow'rs;  
 Executing errands well,  
 Some e'en rationals excell;  
 With officiousness we see,  
 Truly staunch fidelity,  
 Earning with an aptness good,  
 And true diligence their food:  
 Some our houses faithful guard,  
 Honest still without reward:  
 Others are purveyors sure,  
 For the nicest Epicure.

Dogs

Dogs have oft uncommon parts,  
 And proficient been in arts :  
 Letters some, and figures know,  
 And at cards their learning shew :  
 Some politely bred in France,  
 Join with grace the mazy dance.

Dogs, Philosophers agree,  
 Have retentive memory :  
 When Ulysses, doom'd to roam,  
 Twice ten years, regain'd his home,  
 His Dog Argus as he lay,  
 Pining in the public way,  
 Rous'd by his remember'd tread,  
 And known voice, rear'd up his head,  
 And in misery replete,  
 Crawl'd along his Lord to meet ;  
 When his tail, his ears, and eyes,  
 All at once confess'd his joys ;  
 Down then falling by his side,  
 Kiss'd his feet, and patient died.

The



The YOUNG ACTRESS. A Song.

**T**HO' from place to place I wander,  
 And appear in masquerade,  
 Woo'd by hero, and commander,  
 Reason, virtue be my aid.

Let me feign, not practice loving,  
 When most loving on the stage;  
 But in time with accents moving,  
 Some deserving youth engage.

Then, ah! then, how soft, complying,  
 To my constant swain I'll prove,  
 Blush consent, without denying,  
 Nor will ever change my love.

See! the Needle, love resembles,  
 When some force its point removes,  
 Tho' it turns about, and trembles,  
 Constant to the Pole it proves.

EPILOGUE

## E P I L O G U E

Spoken in the Character of a Footman by Master  
S. Stanton, at Mr. Stanton's Play-house in Uttoxeter,  
in the Year 1767 : the Play being for the Benefit of  
the Children of the Company.

————— Annuo,  
Terram intuens modeste.      TERENCE.

**L**ADIES—to you, thus humbly, I bow low :  
Thus, Gentlemen—to you, my duty shew ;  
With grateful heart, all glowing with delight,  
For this great favour you've conferr'd to night :  
Nay e'en for favours past, my thanks are due,  
When in my infancy, your smiles I drew.  
But now I more, in mimic parts aspire  
And aim at characters, a little higher ;  
Can in a Footman's coat look something bolder,  
With this here Devil's badge, upon my shoulder ;

Can ]



Can play 'Squire Dick—your Sailor—Farmer—Sot—  
Your Prince—or Printer's Devil—or what not.

When next we visit you, I'll higher move  
And learn with Powel's softness, to make love :  
Then guard your hearts, ye Utt'xeter fair ladies,  
For making love, a pretty Player's trade is :  
My face, and shape, I think are very well ;  
The ladies say so, and they sure can tell :  
I'll practice each known grace, and ev'ry art,  
And strive to catch your hearts in ev'ry part :  
I'll bounce in Squib, or Flash—with blood, and thunder,  
Talk of campaigns—of sieges—whores—and plunder :  
Then as your Fribble—delicate I'll be—  
And pat the ladies necks so—he, he, he !  
To shine in coxcomb Tom, here all the skill is ;  
I'll spit and rub, and spit and rub, with Phillis.  
When buskin'd how I'll rant for fame, and glory,  
In all the rage, and pomp of tragic story ;

I'll

I'll storm in Piercy—Bolingbroke engage—  
And play each hero, of each former age.

But stop—ah! whither wou'd my fancy go;  
I first must wiser; nay must taller grow;  
So for the present humbly bid adieu,  
With thanks to all, to you—to you—and you.

EPILOGUE



## E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Miss Stanton, a little Girl about nine Years of Age, at Mr. Stanton's Play-house in Uttoxeter in the Year 1770, before the Right Honourable Lord and Lady Vernon, and Family, the Right Honourable Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart. and Family, and a great many other Persons of Distinction.

**A** Rural Poet of these scribbling times,  
 With head brim-full of whimsies, and of rhimes,  
 Has wrote an Epilogue—my voice will squeak it,  
 Yet I am truly, pitch'd upon, to speak it—  
 He says, that we, on this our little stage,  
 Present you histories from ev'ry age;  
 Oft with a tender scene, your breasts we move,  
 And shew the pleasing pangs of gentle love;  
 Then we amuse you with a tale of woe,  
 Merit oppress'd, and patient virtue shew;  
 How patient virtue, heav'n at last will bless,  
 And crown with happy years a short distress—

Oft

Oft with the Comic too we entertain you,  
 With laughing Satyr tickle—but not pain you;  
 With Clowns, with Fops, with Parasites, and Fools;  
 With Misers, Villains, Panders, and with Tools:  
 Honour bright-beaming oft may gild the scene,  
 With sentiment refin'd, and noble mein——  
 That all the giddy, hence may learn to shun  
 The wiles, by which, so many are undone,  
 Wishes the Bard——he bids me pray they wou'd,  
 Detest the vicious, imitate the good:  
 Thus we from nature, vice, and virtue draw,  
 Moral instruction, our dramatic law.

But what's all this to me—I've spoke enough,  
 Of his dry, formal, sentimental stuff——  
 He's crack'd, that's pos—or else he might have said,  
 Something to shew how I hold up my head—  
 How to the softly-swelling Lydian measure,  
 In graceful Minuet——I give you pleasure;  
 Thus wave my arms with ease—now high, now low—  
 Then trip an Hornpipe—with fantastic toe—

This



This I can do—an Actress hope to be,  
 Gay, sprightly, full of sensibility—  
 As an Heroine shortly shall be seen,  
 Be the pert Abigail, or strut a Queen;  
 Now, be all softness—now all rant, and noise,  
 With graceful action, and with speaking eyes:  
 A Prude—Coquett—be jealous, and have fits—  
 Oh! lud—'twill overset my little wits:  
 For (by the bye) it fifty is to ten,  
 I play off all my airs, against the men,  
 And act a busy part in real life;  
 Yet sometime hope to make an honest wife—  
 For chaste I'll be—tho' here a female Momus;  
 Chaste as that charming Lady is in Comus:  
 Now—her example having in my view,  
 With this low Curt'fy—humbly bid adieu.

[Going, returns.]

Oh dear! I'd quite forgot—and ran away,  
 When I'd the most material thing to say,  
 I must address the Patrons of the Play.

Pappa

Pappa by me his humble duty fends,  
Returning thanks to you his noble friends ;  
And as to night, you've been so good and kind,  
He hopes he shall your future favour find.



## E P I L O G U E

Spoken by a young Actress in Mr. Stanton's Company.

**W**HEN a young Actress treads a public stage,  
 In this censorious, criticizing age,  
 With resolution strong, she must defy,  
 Each jeering, sneering, scrutinizing eye;  
 Tho' delicate, indelicate must shew,  
 And seem, tho' virtuous, virtue to forego.

Ought not the stage to make her some amends,  
 For loss of fortune, family, and friends?  
 Alas! her situation's full of cares,  
 Where virtue finds innumerable snares;  
 For one day's happiness, has ten of woe,  
 And meets in those, who might protect, a foe.

The men will flatter, with delusive face,  
 Say I have charms, and each attractive grace;  
 Will practise all their batteries of sighing,  
 Their ogles, ranting rapsodies, their dying:

Tho'

Tho' with good nature, one may lend an ear,  
'Twere vanity to think them all sincere.

The Prude will vent unmerited abuse,  
Call me a wanton, vile without excuse;  
Condemn my sprightly fallies on the stage,  
My comic action, and my tragic rage,  
Think me her sex's very worst disgrace,  
Give half a look, and half avert her face;  
But here my vanity some comfort brings,  
It is from envy all her rancour springs.

Cou'd I but paint each various class of men,  
From school-boys up to three score years and ten,  
Who all, in sordid sentiments the same,  
Have vainly hop'd to mark me out for game,  
Among the motly tribe, there's none I know,  
So much my detestation as the Beau;  
One of your modern Maccaroni train,  
Conceited, proud, ridiculously vain,  
Tutor'd in foreign foppery, and vice,  
And who's devotions center in the dice,



Unjust, unchaste, undisciplin'd, unread,  
 Capricious folly reigning in his head ;  
 Suppose some sycophant his steps attend,  
 Who in the pandour, prostitutes the friend ;  
 See ! says the fop—see ! yonder tempting creature—  
 Pleasing thro'out—in shape, as well as feature :  
 Some way or other, she must be betray'd—  
 Who is she Jack ? a widow, wife, or maid !  
 The widow, wife, and maid, are parts I play,  
 But what I truly am, but few can say :  
 Still 'tis my pride, that as the maid I please,  
 With native blushing innocence, and ease :  
 Nor am I wanting in the nuptial strife,  
 And have been seen to make, a very wife :  
 Perhaps the widow's part dejected, sad,  
 When all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
 Sighing in accents of pathetic woe,  
 The best my case, and sentiments may shew,  
 Mine and Almeria's troubles are ally'd,  
 And I with feeling play the mourning bride.

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Miss Stanton, at Mr. Stanton's Play-house  
in Uttoxeter, in the Year 1770: the last Part of it  
spoken by Mrs. Stanton, by Way of taking Leave  
of the Town.

[Miss Stanton speaks entering.]

**D**EAR me—Mamma—I'm not at all too bold—  
You fright one so, when you begin to scold;  
You do it loftily, I must confess,  
In Madam Oakly, and in old Queen Bess—

[Comes forward.]

But I'm escap'd—scold on, and rage your fill,  
I'll face the audience, be assur'd I will—  
Must I for ever be behind the scenes,  
When each new part reanimates my veins—  
What boots, my practising the player's arts,  
When I'm not suffer'd to display my parts:  
But 'tis to these fair ladies that I sue,  
And all ye pretty gentlemen, to you;



Indulge me now—and hear what I can say—  
 I'll shew you something in the spouting way—  
 I'll try some parts, I can perform with ease,  
 And hope to be so fortunate to please.

First, Leonora's character I'll try  
 The Padlock innocent—and thus—I sigh;  
 Then to my robin perching will I sing,  
 As thus—*Say little foolish flutt'ring thing,*  
*Little foolish flutt'ring thing*—Yes I do it,  
 But now it wou'd be tedious to go thro' it.

Now pray take notice—you must all suppose,  
 I come before you tripping like Miss Rose;  
 Thus—*Chickens, young and tender, young and tender:*  
 Yes, I'm your blushing rose—pray who can mend her.

Now for some moving, tender scene of woe;  
 Suppose me Juliet, with my Romeo—  
 As if up yonder—Romeo call'd again—  
*I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then;*  
*I have forgot why I did call thee back.*  
 Oh! I'll be perfect Juliet in a crack:

Juliet's

Juliet's a part, will charming—easy prove ;  
For 'tis so very natural to love !

Let me consider—for I've parts in plenty,  
What must be next—I cou'd remember twenty—  
Oh ! now I have it—one you all admire—  
Rosetta—*Hope thou nurse of young desire,*  
*Fairy promiser of joy*—Charming—rare !  
The part exactly fits me to an hair.

Next I'll present an aukward thing to view ;  
Imagine now, I personate Miss Prue—  
Thus with a stroke to make the play-house ring—  
*Don't trouble me no more—you ugly thing—*  
*I won't be call'd foul names—I will not—no—*  
*Were I a man—you durst not use me so—*  
*You stinking tar-barrel*—This part is ready,  
But rather hard to keep one's features steady.

Now to assume a more majestic mein ;  
Be some neglected, and forsaken Queen—  
Thus as your Zara—storming tread the stage,  
In all the dignity of tragic rage—



*Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,*

*Nor hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd.*

I see you smile, but hope you all agree

'Tis pretty well for such a romp as me—

But I must go—Mamma may have her will ;

If you applaud, she dares not use me ill.

[Going off, starts back.]

Oh ! lud she's here—I'm in a sweat I vow—

[Mrs. Stanton speaks.]

Nay never start—I am not angry now :

I own indeed my mind was not at ease,

And greatly fear'd you had not powers to please,

To all those rows my gratitude is due,

For the indulgence they have shewn to you—

But for my Self, who frequently have found,

Repeated plaudites echoing around,

How poor are thanks ! yet I wou'd something say,

Cou'd I tell how such goodness to repay ;

But words are wanting I must frankly own,

For all the friendly favours you have shewn ;

Imagine

Imagine all that may belief engage,  
Of the most grateful speeches, of the stage;  
Each heart-felt rapture, to your minds recall,  
And tho' I speak not—think I mean them all.

One task there yet remains—I cannot tell  
How I shall speak it—'tis to bid—farewell—  
And grant good heav'n I may not wish in vain,  
I'll cherish hopes, we yet shall meet again.

O D E



ODE on CHASTITY.

Translated from the Latin of G. BUCHANAN.

CHASTITY, thy looks can tame,  
 Brutal passion's raging flame:  
 Chastity, we mortals hold,  
 Relic of the age of gold;  
 Ere corruption had its birth,  
 Or polluted parent earth.

Chastity, thy form we see  
 Sample of futurity;  
 You the sting of death can cure,  
 Mind and body making pure:  
 Pointing to the realms of joy  
 Plac'd beyond ethereal sky.

You alone disdain the smart,  
 Venus gives the wounded heart;

Treating

Treating lust with constant hate ;  
 Nor fear you the stroke of fate.  
 You can death superior brave,  
 You can live beyond the grave.

Pure as Angel-beings pure,  
 You for ever shall endure ;  
 Your bright-beaming form's the guide,  
 Aptly, morally, apply'd,  
 To secure in this our day  
 Endless life without decay.

Translated



Translated from the Latin of G. BUCHANAN.

MY friend, you ask to have a King portray'd  
 Just what I wish, wou'd heav'n my wishes aid :  
 Behold him——First, he must religious be,  
 The true vicegerent of the Deity :  
 Avoiding war, when meet for war prepare ;  
 And when a victor, still the vanquish'd spare :  
 Without profusion ready to bestow ;  
 'Tis from extremes, that dire destructions flow ;  
 Not for himself, but for his people live ;  
 One common father to his cities give ;  
 Be slow to punish e'en when law commands ;  
 Mild when the public wants his helping hands :  
 Live as a pattern all may wish to know ;  
 Meet vice with frowns, and love to virtue shew :  
 Of cultivated mind, of morals true,  
 Chaste, and low passions perfectly subdue.  
 Thus you to prove my sportive fancy mean,  
 With each perfection while you paint our Queen.

T H E

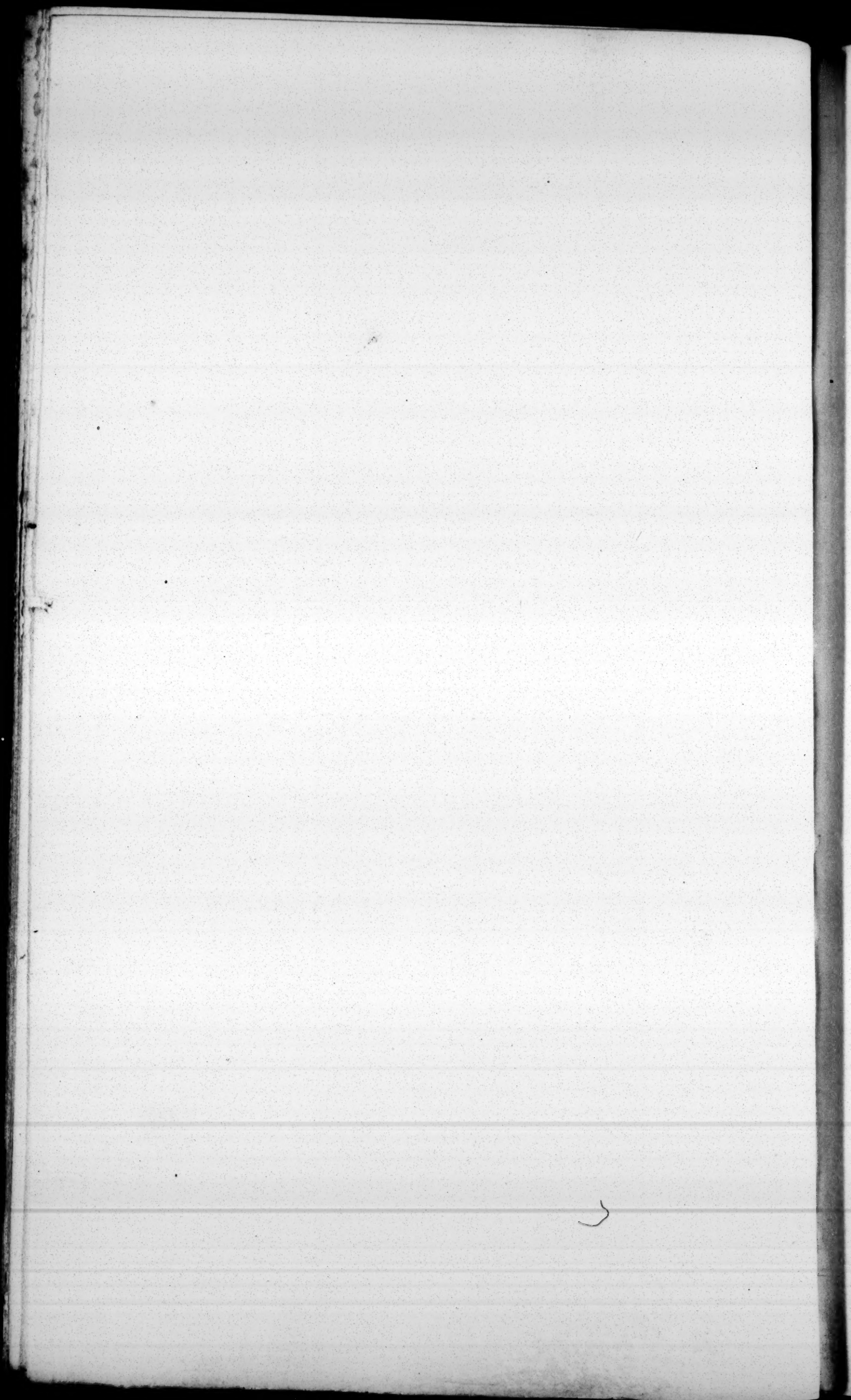
THE  
HAY-MAKING.

A PASTORAL.

Nunc frondent sylvæ nunc formosissimus annus.

VIRGIL.





## The HAY-MAKING. A Pastoral.

**D**AMON, a Shepherd, skill'd in ev'ry art,  
 To please the ear, or captivate the heart;  
 To see his flocks, and tender lambs at play,  
 Forth wander'd musing, just at close of day:  
 Tho' fit for courts, a farm was all his care  
 Breathing contented pure, and native air;  
 So truly vers'd in various nature's ways,  
 Nearly prophetic he rehears'd his lays;  
 From heav'nly signs the shepherds cou'd inform,  
 Of each unkindly heat, or chilling storm:  
 Tell when the Moon the harvest wou'd befriend,  
 Or what conjunctions make the rains descend:  
 Oft in the shade, as now, he wou'd retire,  
 And wake with pleasing touch the warbling lyre:  
 Now o'er the chords his fingers nimbly bound,  
 And thro' the air soft undulates the sound;  
 But ere a close, the sweet harmonious lay  
 Brought all the shepherds from their evening play,

And



And soon furrounded by a rural throng,  
 The shepherds claim a former promis'd song:  
 The promis'd song, with clamour now resounds,  
 And Echo's cell, the song, the song, rebounds:  
 Unable to resist united pray'rs  
 To gratify the throng the youth prepares;  
 But first revolving silent in his breast  
 What kind of song might pleasure them the best,  
 With graceful motion, bowing down his head,  
 Smiling consent, with mildest accent said,  
 What shou'd I sing? be these our lov'd abodes,  
 With all the shepherds tutelary Gods,  
 Ceres, and Bacchus, Pan our sylvan king;  
 Nature's gradations thro' the teeming spring;  
 These flow'ry meads, where glides the limpid stream,  
 Be rural business, and our sports my theme.  
 Perhaps yon youth I now encircl'd ken,  
 Fam'd for retentive head and ready pen,  
 While I to spring my grateful tribute pay  
 Thro' all our cities may resound the lay:

That

That high Ambition, and that Pride may know  
The happy freedom, native fields bestow.

Hush'd were the winds—around attend the swains  
While thus he poured forth the pleasing strains.

What is that soul! elated not with joy,  
To view the day serene, and azure sky?  
What is that soul! that does not cheerful sing,  
The rising pleasures, of the rising spring?  
Hail! charming spring, the wish of ev'ry swain,  
Bestowing beauty thro' the verdant plain;  
Hail! charming spring, dispersing winter's rage,  
Chearer of youth, and cherisher of age;  
All, all, exult, when hush each stormy blast,  
Or hope new joys, or re-enjoy the past.  
Aid me ye Nine, Oh aid the joyous lay,  
And in sweet notes the sweets of spring display.

Tip'd with pale green the buds at first appear  
To promise plenty, and a joyful year;  
As days advance, all still advance in grace,  
And gain perfection with an equal pace.

D

Then,



Then, how delightful! in the rosy morn,  
 Early to view the dew-bespangl'd thorn;  
 Where lucid gems their brightest beams display,  
 Widely diverging each collected ray:  
 'Tis then the lawn with pleasure strikes our eyes,  
 Where rise the flowers rich in glowing dyes,  
 Some with pale tints, some deeper hues unfold,  
 Refulgent some with vegetable gold:  
 While to the smell, each gale conveys perfumes,  
 From banks of violet, and cowslip blooms:  
 The various herbage, various beauty spreads,  
 Nods with the winds, and waves along the meads.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh! aid the joyous lay;  
 In pleasing notes, the pleasing spring display.

Now the sweet lark with pinions poiz'd on high,  
 And trills melodious floating from the sky,  
 Hails the clear morn—the black-bird joins his note,  
 The linnet warbles from his little throat;  
 The thrush, the goldfinch, and the robin join,  
 The wren, the sparrow, bulfinch, all combine:

Thro'

Thro' the mix'd notes the softly-cooing dove  
 Conjoins the song of gratitude, and love;  
 And ev'ry pause is fill'd as all rejoice,  
 With the soft cuckoo's mellow, flute-like voice.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh! aid the joyous lay;  
 In chearful numbers, chearful spring display.

Love in the spring with glowing ardour reigns,  
 And transport pleasing, trickles thro' the veins,  
 Of ev'ry village youth—each maid now sighs  
 For the soft dalliance, pledge to future joys:  
 Oft in some lone, and far sequester'd vale,  
 Where not a soul is conscious to the tale,  
 Soft on the grass the lovers are reclin'd,  
 The swain attempting to reveal his mind,  
 In broken accents, while the blooming youth,  
 Speaks in his looks, both constancy and truth.  
 Oh! blush ye giddy great, and vainly gay,  
 Who court, and conquer, only to betray;  
 Say, can your dear-bought, fickle pleasures prove,  
 Thus heart-applauding, as is virtuous love.



Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay ;  
 In joyful numbers, joyful spring display.

When fable Night contracted rule maintains,  
 And thro' long days, bright Phœbus gilds the plains ;  
 The grafs full grown, and all in perfect bloom,  
 Relentless Time devotes to meet its doom :  
 The mower stout dispensing havock stalks  
 And lays the swath beside him as he walks ;  
 With keenest rage, and blow succeeding blow,  
 And strokes incessant regularly flow,  
 He makes his way—the grafs is cut off young,  
 A moral lesson to the giddy throng.

Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay,  
 With strain symphonious to the making hay.

Soon preparations all around are seen,  
 And ev'ry lane, and ev'ry alley green,  
 Teems with a jolly, and a merry train,  
 And blooming youths, and nymphs o'erspread the plain  
 In rustic elegance all trim and gay,  
 And all their various implements display :

Some

Some bearing forks, some bearing rakes are found,  
 And all the fields a constant hum resound ;  
 Eager they seem, their busy task begun,  
 To spread the grafs before the parching sun ;  
 Tofs'd with the fork, now forward, now behind,  
 With easy grace 'tis lightly thrown, disjoin'd,  
 Even, and equal, all the plain around,  
 Till not a spot uncover'd can be found.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay ;  
 While all in measure tofs about the hay.

At length the languid group seek some retreat,  
 And prefs in ring, or row the moss-grown seat,  
 Where oaks, and elms, umbrageous branches join,  
 And woodbines flaunting pendulous entwine :  
 There take refreshment, and enjoy at ease,  
 The grateful fanning of the cooling breeze :  
 While the pleas'd master willing to allow,  
 The best brew'd produce of his barley-mow  
 Makes them all happy, and their spirits cheers  
 With what, their toil produc'd, in former years :



Who makes none happy, happiness ne'er knows,  
 Vile is the wretch, who niggardly bestows :  
 For when to each the chearing bowl is given,  
 Vows for propitious days ascend to heaven :  
 While jokes, or tales, or the love-ditty'd song,  
 And frequent kisses the repast prolong.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay ;  
 With song and musick harmonize the hay.

The train refresh'd are all with rakes employ'd,  
 And into little rows the hay divide ;  
 In slow procession in, and out, retwine,  
 The way prolonging, with the waving line ;  
 Which task perform'd, another task pursue,  
 That shou'd be finish'd ere the falling dew ;  
 Each one a wind-row separately takes,  
 And haycocks rise beneath the forming rakes.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay,  
 And sport ye lasses jocund round the hay.

Now having done the business of the day,  
 And evening cool inviting all to play,

Each,

Each, nimble feats, and exercifes tries,  
 This youth to leap, to wrestle that defies  
 Each other fwain—a circle soon is made ;  
 An amphitheatre beneath the shade :  
 Ready two wrestlers instantly are seen,  
 And occupy the middle of the green ;  
 The clean-limb'd fwains advance with steady grace,  
 And each with conquest pictur'd in his face ;  
 Bosom to bosom, foot to foot, now join,  
 And legs, and arms, and ev'ry limb entwine ;  
 Each artful sleight by each, is well exprefs'd,  
 And the strong gripe in turn, by each confess'd :  
 To end the strife now both determin'd meet ;  
 This lays the other prostrate at his feet :  
 Complaints, and applauses, all at once go round,  
 Mourn'd is the vanquish'd, and the victor crown'd.  
 Aid me ye Nine, Oh ! aid the joyous lay,  
 And dance ye lasses, and conclude the day.  
 Thus by proceeding for succeeding days,  
 The grass is wither'd, and its bloom decays ;



At length, with great parade, 'tis borne along,  
 And plac'd erect amid' the jocund throng ;  
 And made an hay-rick, crown'd with circling bands,  
 For its own self, a monument it stands :  
 Nor needs there an inscription grav'd in brass,  
 Itself proclaims, it once was blooming grass.  
 Thus may the grass, to all this lesson shew,  
 That Time to each will give the mortal blow.  
 Cease then ye Nine, Oh ! cease the joyous lay ;  
 And cease ye swains to dance around the hay.

AMARYLLIS.

# A M A R Y L L I S.

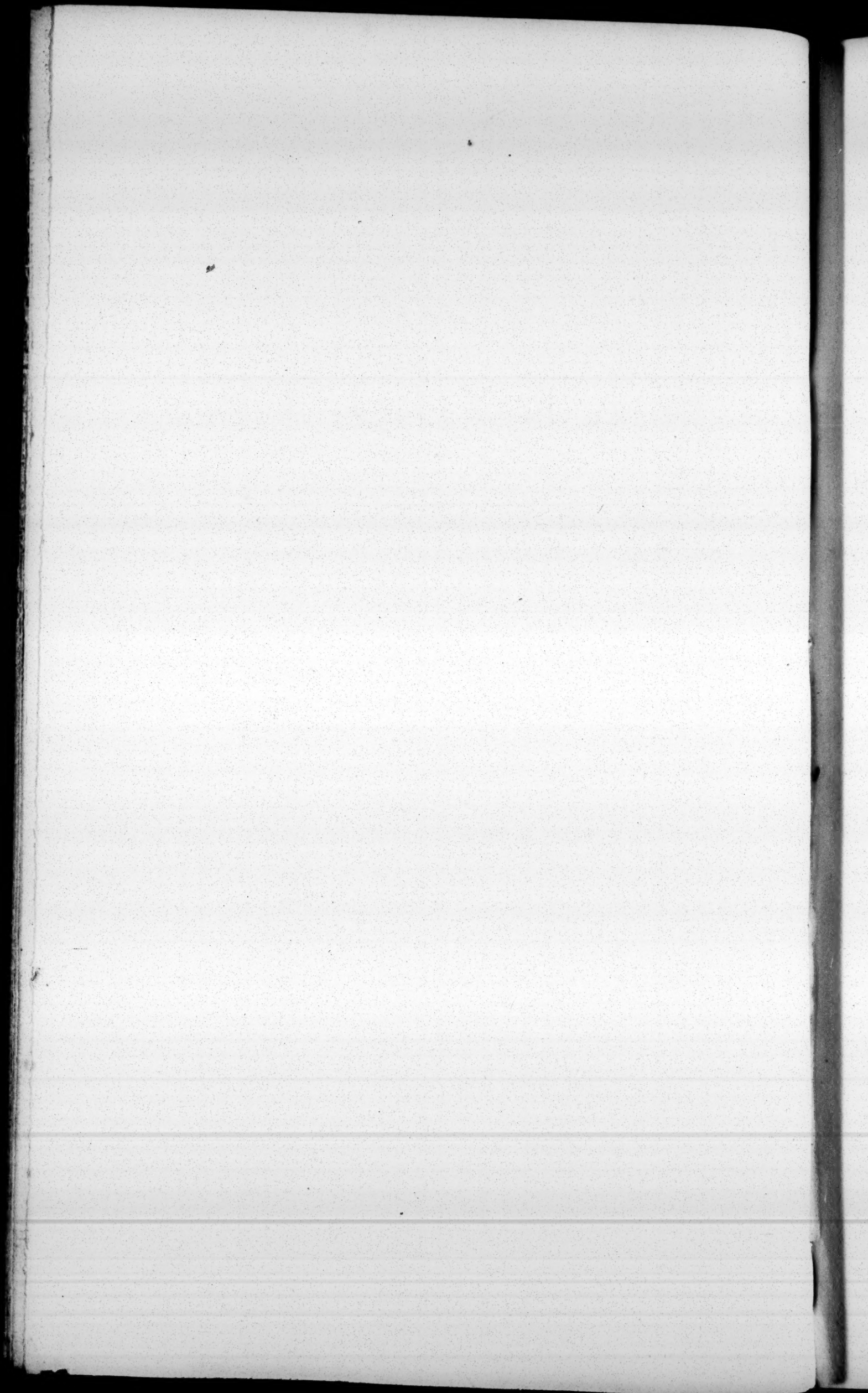
## A P A S T O R A L O D E.

Occasioned by some Verses being addressed to the  
Author by an unknown Lady, who call'd her-  
self AMARYLLIS.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida fylvas.

VIRGIL.





# AMARYLLIS.

## A PASTORAL ODE.

FROM Amaryllis flows my song;

To her these fylvan lays belong,

She, free, tells what her will is:

I, not engag'd, a bride wou'd gain,

And her to please, in rural strain,

Sing Amaryllis.

Say fair-one, fay, where thou art found,

What place in all fair Albion's round,

What plain, what grove, what hill is,

By you more happy made, and gay,

Say how a card may wing its way

To Amaryllis.

Grant



Grant me your aid, ye tuneful Nine,  
To my soft lute your numbers join,  
Or to my pipe that shrill is ;  
But whether soft, or shrill the lay,  
Warbling to ev'ry air I play,  
Name Amaryllis.

When morning brings the hour to taste,  
Of chocolate the sweet repast,  
And turning round the mill is ;  
Sighing I say—sweet it wou'd be,  
To drink of that, or sip my tea,  
By Amaryllis.

Where DOVE with stream, so full, so fine,  
Glides in yon beauteous waving line,  
I stray when night so still is ;  
Sweet Echo there, from cells along,  
Repeats this burden of my song,  
O! Amaryllis.

Oft as I walk the groves between,  
 Where soft as velvet is the green,  
     How fine the tuneful trill is,  
 Of birds that swell their liquid throats !  
 Methinks they all with melting notes,  
     Chant Amaryllis.

Amusing, with my pencil's aid,  
 I blend, with niceness, light and shade,  
     Where tracing life the skill is ;  
 Soon as my piece glows fair, and gay,  
 In face, and air, I smiling say,  
     'Tis Amaryllis.

On festive nights, at balls by chance,  
 I lead the mazy, sprightly dance,  
     Mix'd, and evolv'd, with Phillis ;  
 Then how I wish that group to join,  
 Where, dancing, with a grace divine,  
     Shines Amaryllis.

These



These trophies of my former loves,  
 These fans, these ribbands, and these gloves,  
     Each loath'd as bitter pill is ;  
 Away—one daisy more wou'd charm,  
 Far more a blushing rose wou'd warm,  
     From Amaryllis.

That rival who wou'd court your smiles,  
 His lays with ribaldry defiles,  
     So vile his verse and ill is :  
 I will have hopes to win the bays,  
 Be love the prize, and crown my lays  
     With Amaryllis.

## To a YOUNG LADY,

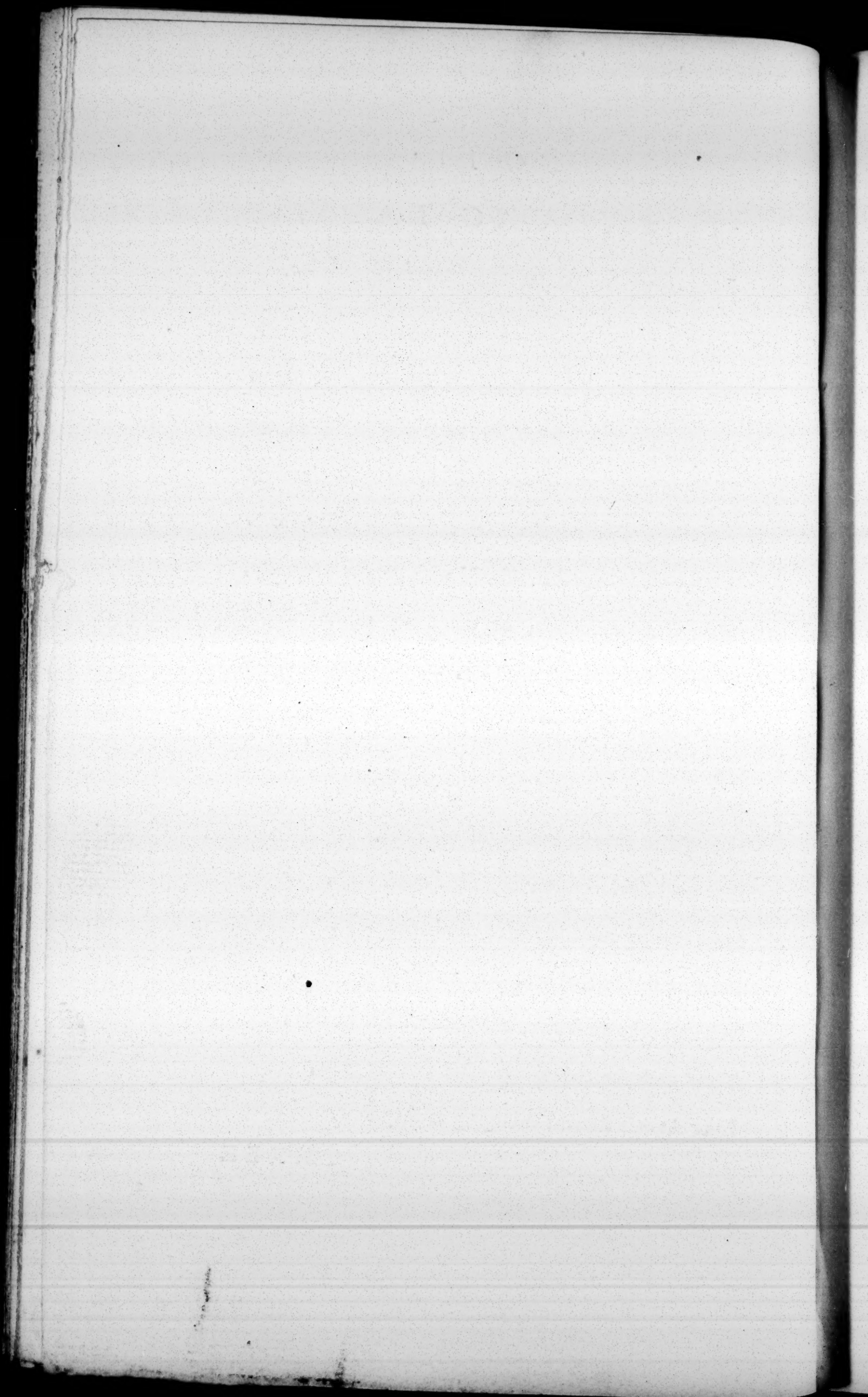
Preparing to go to the Stratford Jubilee.

As Miss —— did Mr. Bentley the honour to ask him to think of a masquerade character for her to appear in at the Jubilee, or, as it may be called, the Deification of the great Shakespeare: he humbly conceives, that no character can do more honour to his memory, nor be assum'd with greater propriety, than that of Avonia, or the Deity of the River Avon: and she may then say, as she glides smoothly thro' the crowd——

BEHOLD Avonia!—nor my way retard,  
 Emerg'd to view in honour of my Bard,  
 Immortal Shakespeare: he, gay *Fancy's child*,  
 Here sweetly *warbl'd native wood-notes wild*;  
 Born on these bloomy banks, and on them bred,  
 Whose works must live, till Nature's self be fled;  
 Thro' each succeeding age more famous grow,  
 Like Avon's streams enlarging as they flow.

THREE





THREE PASTORALS:

WRITTEN BY

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA

OF CREMONA.

TRANSLATED.

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam ;

Non injussa cano,

VIRGIL.





THE FIRST PASTORAL.

DAPHNIS.

LYCIDAS and AMYNTAS.

GENTLE Amyntas, Lycidas the fair,\*  
 Both youths, both shepherds, rich in fleecy care,  
 On Tiber's bank the absent Daphnis mourn'd,  
 And strain for strain, and sigh for sigh, return'd:  
 Oh! Muse rehearse, and now record the lay,  
 Oh! say, e'en Tiber linger'd in his way,  
 And curb'd each rolling wave; bid each refrain  
 Its dashing motion to receive the strain.  
 First, Lycidas his tuneful numbers try'd;  
 Humble Amyntas plaintively reply'd.

Oh! gentle winds to Daphnis waft my strain,  
 That absent Daphnis yet may know my pain.

\* *Gentle Amyntas, &c.*] Vida's words in the beginning of this Pastoral are:

Absentem Daphnim Lycidas, et pulcher Amyntas,  
 Pastores ambo, pueri ambo, ad Tibridis undam,  
 Flebant, et querulo mulcebant flumina cantu.



Shou'd you forget us, and paternal plains,  
 Forget your flocks consign'd to other swains,  
 Either the produce of your Tuscan fields,  
 Is finer than autumnal Latium yields,  
 Either the meads in Arno's richer vale  
 Before the shining Tiber's banks prevail;  
 Or (as the Gods your exile have decreed)  
 You may ere now our consolation need;  
 You may reflect on all you left behind,  
 In vain complain, nor consolation find;  
 While sad you wander thro' the lonely grove,  
 And thro' waste shores all solitary rove,  
 Your looks directed to these distant skies,  
 Perhaps may say, with melancholy sighs,  
 "Yon distant clime my greatest joy contains,\*  
 "Still for yon distant clime my love remains."

\* *Yon distant clime, &c.*] Vida's words are;

————— mea gaudia tellus

Illa habet, illa meos longè plaga servat amores.

Daphnis, grim bears at your departure mourn'd;  
 And cliffs, and caves, their howlings harsh return'd:  
 Glad songs were wont to cheer these happy plains;  
 And from all sides, uninterrupted strains,  
 Were wont to warble shepherds tender loves;  
 Hush'd is the green, hush'd now the vocal groves.  
 With you departed all our true delight;  
 With you gay pleasure devious took her flight;  
 Along with you, the River-nymphs were here,\*  
 Follow'd by Satyrs, wou'd the Nymphs appear:  
 Along with you, the River-nymphs are flown,  
 Follow'd by Satyrs, all the Nymphs are gone.  
 When you were here, the ragged rocks look'd gay;  
 Now you are gone, the ragged rocks dismay:  
 Scarce yield the gardens honey for the bees;  
 Scarce any dew-drops deck the grafs, or trees:

\* *Along with you, &c.*] Vida says,

Hic aderas, aderant simul, et fluvialia Nymphæ,  
 Numina, Nympharumque timor per litora Fauni:  
 Hinc abes, hinc absunt simul et fluvialia Nymphæ,  
 Numina, Nympharumque timor per litora Fauni.



The frosts unusual scarce their seasons keep ;  
 Pensive Amyntas scarce can tend the sheep ;  
 Teaches his kids the roughest rocks to know,  
 Were nought but weeds, and sharpest brambles grow.  
 Alas ! poor youth ; to whom your bosom-friend,  
 Your meads, your flocks, you going wou'd commend,  
 And scarce cou'd say, Adieu, Amyntas, dear,  
 He cou'd not speak, and tear succeeded tear :  
 But when at liberty to vent his grief,  
 And long deep sighs were all his vain relief,  
 The cows from sun-burnt hills the torrents brav'd,  
 And snuffing fresher grafs their dew-laps lav'd ;  
 And as if conscious of his love and truth,  
 Mourn'd in sad lowings, with the mourning youth.

Thus Lycidas with finging sooth'd his pain ;  
 Gentle Amyntas thus resum'd the strain.

On that sad day, each lamb, with drooping head,  
 From purling streams, and verdant pastures fled ;  
 The oxen in full stalls abstain'd from hay,  
 And you, ye kids, wou'd on the mountain stay :

As,

As, if the fountains shou'd forget to flow,  
 As, if the pastures no gay green cou'd shew,  
 As, if the sun by day shou'd veil his light,  
 And the pale moon forget to gild the night,  
 So sad, and gloomy, all these plains appear,  
 Just so deform'd, now Daphnis is not here.  
 Daphnis, 'twas you adorn'd the rural cell;  
 Daphnis, with you the shepherds chose to dwell;  
 Your cot on Tiber's banks of late so fair,  
 Its humble roof now pointing in the air,  
 Falling to ruin seems to pine and mourn,  
 And all deserted wants your quick return.  
 Each stopping traveller makes you his theme,  
 Whether he walks, or sails along the stream:  
 And sighing says, Oh! once thou happy grove,\*  
 Once happy cot, which Daphnis us'd to love;

\* *Oh! once thou happy grove:*] Vida in the original;

————— quondam hæc felicia tecta,  
 Felices, inquit horti cum Daphnis adestet:  
 Nunc infelices horti, infelicia tecta.



But now, unhappy grove, unhappy cot,  
 For absent Daphnis has your charms forgot.  
 Watch, Oh! ye shepherds, watch your fleecy care,  
 And of your goats and wanton kids beware;  
 Teach them to shun the tender vines afraid,  
 Which Daphnis planted, and, when going, said,  
 " Thrive, Oh! ye vines; yon elm with you shall grow,\*  
 " And each year's growth, my years of exile shew."  
 So saying, from this once so happy shore,  
 Sad, and with ling'ring steps, himself he tore,  
 Stop'd here, and there, reverting looks most kind,  
 And seem'd to wish to leave his eyes behind.†  
 On hills around the shepherds met with woe;  
 From hills around with tears they saw him go.

\* *Thrive, Oh! ye vines, &c.*] Vida says,

Crescetis vites: vobiscum confita crescet,

Ulmus, et exilii nostri numerabitis annos.

† *And seem'd to wish, &c.*] Vida:

Optabatque oculos in carà linquere terrà.

Daphnis,

Daphnis, fair youth, Oh! keep—keep me in mind:

Be, my fair youth, to Lycidas as kind.

Some God perhaps who sees the shepherds cares,

More wont to be propitious to our pray'rs ;

With eyes of pity now may see us mourn,

And to these borders hasten your return.

In equal numbers thus lament the swains,

While Tiber wond'ring at such nightly strains,

From crystal caves emerging caught their moan,

And you, ye Naiades, were heard to groan.



## THE SECOND PASTORAL.

## C O R Y D O N.

COME, ye Arcadian Nymphs, repeat the strains  
 Which Corydon, who lately left your plains,  
 While twining osiers in the shady grove,  
 Warbl'd, unmindful where his flocks might rove :  
 The shepherds round him form'd a rural ring ;  
 Attending Fauns rejoic'd to hear him sing ;  
 And you, ye Dryads, from your cells among,  
 Join'd in the circle, with the list'ning throng.

First, sad he sung that Satyr's tragic end,  
 Who, with Apollo, ventur'd to contend  
 With double flute : when soon the boaster vain,  
 Strip'd of his skin, with blood bedew'd the plain.  
 Anon his lays thro' other subjects rove :  
 Then sings Narcissus pining with his love.

Ah ! too unhappy ; Ah ! too lovely boy ;  
 What cruel phrenzy does your peace destroy ?

Thyself

Thyself thy passion; with thyself to fade,\*  
 Thy love is all for transitory shade:  
 Yet day and night you pine, disdaining rest,  
 And cherish still the flame within your breast;  
 A flame, that deeper than thy bosom lies,  
 And quick as light'ning thro' thy marrow flies;  
 Yet, Oh! ye slighted Nymphs your pity shew;  
 And, Oh! resenting youths, your hate forego:  
 Ill-fated boy! the common sad disgrace,  
 To Gods above, and all the human race:  
 The mountain-beasts, and each umbrageous vale,  
 The groves, the rivers yet his fate bewail;  
 When from his fountain he wou'd not remove,  
 But look'd, and sigh'd, and hopeless died with love.

Thus Corydon amus'd the list'ning throng:  
 And next the fam'd Arion's voyage sung.

\* *Thyself thy passion, &c.*] The original has it thus:

Aut nihil est quod amas, et fallax ludit imago,

Aut tibi tute ignis, teque ardes nescius ipsum.



The hills, and groves, and ev'ry shady vale,  
 Have all resounded with Arion's tale :  
 Ye mossy-border'd rills, you know his fame,  
 You have recorded your Arion's name.  
 Ye blue-ey'd Sea-nymphs, how cou'd you delay ?  
 For not a creature in the deep cou'd stay :  
 The herd of Proteus, monstrous forms among,  
 Came round the vessel, as it sail'd along :  
 When sad Arion seeing deadly hate,  
 And the base crew, determin'd on his fate,  
 Prepar'd for singing ere he lost his breath,  
 A plaintive elegy to grace his death :  
 Just as the snow-white swan his exit makes,\*  
 Or on Meander, or Cayster's lakes.  
 But, Oh! ye Sea-nymphs, then you caught his song,  
 While on a Dolphin's back he steer'd along,

\* *Just as the snow-white swan, &c.]* Vida expresses it :

Qualis Mæandri queritur moriturus ad undam,

Canus olor, qualis rauci per stagna Caystri.

Waking with pleasing touch, the golden wire,  
 And reach'd his home, by virtue of his lyre.  
 What shou'd he sing, but the cœrulean Gods,  
 And their cœrulean, crySTALLINE abodes?  
 And first old Ocean, whose imperial sway  
 The rolling billows, and the waves obey;  
 From whom the rivers all derive their source,\*  
 To whom returning, all direct their course;  
 Thro' hidden ducts, and windings deep they roam,  
 And meet at last with him their native home.  
 And farther adds, old Ocean may despise,  
 The lofty canopy of starry skies,  
 Nor to Olympus, will his domes give place,  
 Where Amphitrite charms with soft embrace.  
 Mean time bright Sol, with radiance gilds the waves,  
 And sinks at night beneath the glassy caves,

\* *From whom the rivers, &c.*] Vida's words are:

A quo principium deducunt omnia passim  
 Flumina, sub terram occulto labentia tractu,  
 Mox eadem longo redeunt exercita cursu.



For whom old Ocean does his board prepare,  
 And nightly treats, with hospitable care ;  
 While blue-ey'd Nymphs the fiery horses lead,  
 To furnish'd stalls, and with ambrosia feed ;\*  
 And universal panaceas bring,  
 With draughts restoring from the living spring.  
 The trident-bearing Neptune then he sung,  
 With all the Gods that to the deep belong,  
 Nereus, and Glaucus, with the num'rous train  
 Of Sea-nymphs gliding 'midst the glassy plain ;  
 The Sea-nymphs num'rous loves recounted o'er,  
 His voice resounding sweet from shore to shore.  
 Oh ! Galatea come ; Oh ! aid the lay ;  
 Pisæan Arethusa come, and say,  
 For you Nerean Galatea know,  
 Neptune's bright daughter, you can aptly shew,

\* *While blue-ey'd Nymphs, &c.*] The original runs thus :

Intereâ roseis satura ad præsepia glaucæ

Sufficiunt, et flumên equis, et pabula Nymphæ

Divina, ambrosiamque, et Pæoniam panaceam.

What

What sad remorse the wicked sailor tore,  
What chains, what pains, the cruel creature bore.

Thus Corydon continu'd still his lays :  
Nor his Amyntas wou'd forget to praise :  
He, when a boy, was ev'ry shepherd's theme ;  
The Nymphs enraptur'd, wish'd of him to dream :  
For all the Nymphs pursu'd him with their love,  
And his fine form wou'd chastest Wood-nymphs move.  
Oh ! come, fair youth, for you each tuneful Muse,  
Their softest notes, and pleasing strains will choose :  
And e'en Apollo, his great love to shew,\*  
His charming numbers will on you bestow ;  
And more to tell, how much you merit praise,  
Twines you a garland from his sacred bays.  
Thus, Corydon, on Tiber's margin sung ;  
To Mella's plains his other lays belong.

\* *And e'en Apollo, &c.*] Vida's words are :

————— Tibi magno captus amore  
Ipse suos numeros addit, sua munera Apollo  
Eque sua viridem texit tibi fronde coronam.



## THE THIRD PASTORAL.

## N I C E.

**N**ICE the fair, 'midst solitary groves,\*  
 And far from human converse wildly roves,  
 Avoiding comfort, vents her pensive strain,  
 Mourning with sobs, her dear-departed swain;  
 Fills all around her with repeated groans,  
 And Davalus all day and night bemoans,  
 Till cliffs, and caves, and all the forests wide,  
 Re-echo Davalus from side to side.  
 Damon, while guarding tender kids from harms,  
 With rapture saw her captivating charms,  
 Flying in transport from the flow'ry vale,  
 To empty air, thus told his plaintive tale.

\* *Nice the fair, &c.*] The beginning of this pastoral is thus:

Conjugis amissi funus pulcherrima Nice  
 Flebat, et in solis errabat montibus ægra,  
 Atque homines fugiens mæsto solatia amanti  
 Nulla dabat, luctu sed cuncta implebat amaro,  
 Flens noctem, flens lucem.

Oh! charming Nymph, what being of the skies,  
 Plac'd you thus fair before my ravish'd eyes?  
 What God, when seen, has taken you away,  
 And doom'd me thus to raging flames a prey?  
 Whether you prove a guardian of the woods,  
 With face divine, or of the crystal floods,  
 Ruler of torrents, or the steady lake,  
 That form shall ne'er my faithful breast forsake.  
 E'en you, ye shaggy mountains, and ye groves,  
 Must learn with me to whisper tender loves.  
 Whether I choose a shady, cool retreat,  
 Or 'midst my flocks, an open airy seat,  
 Whether I prune the willows as they grow,  
 Or thoughts intent, on any thing bestow,  
 Or try with songs to vent my tender moan,\*  
 Sighs swell my breast, and mix with ev'ry tone.

\* *Or try with songs, &c.*] Vida's words are;

————— Tibi antè  
 Carmina pauca canam, et te pectore suspirabo,  
 Toto unam te corde.



Sooner shall sheep forget green herbs to taste,  
 The beasts forget the forest's dreary waste,  
 The fishes all forget thro' floods to rove,  
 Than I can ere forget, or change my love.  
 Were there no Satyrs to attend my groans,  
 To woods, and groves, I shou'd repeat my moans;  
 The woods, and groves, and mountains I shou'd move,  
 All shou'd be conscious of my tender love.  
 Ah! whither do you fly? ah! stop once more,  
 Yourself, bright Goddess, to my eyes restore;  
 For Davalus regards not now your woe,  
 Nor can his ashes your complaining know.  
 Oh! if these groves, these meads give you relief,  
 And heav'n permitted me to sooth your grief;  
 Oh! then how happy wou'd these groves appear,  
 The meads how happy thro' the live-long year!  
 The groves, the meads, too beautiful wou'd be,  
 But you, most fair, most beautiful to me.  
 When I, my flocks, to these sweet vallies bring,  
 You may your swain's renown'd adventures sing;

As

As how, he often wou'd whole troops cut down ;  
 How oft sustain'd an half demolish'd town ;  
 And how fallen heroes he wou'd reinstate,  
 And all his great, surprizing deeds relate :  
 The grove so late responsive to your strain,\*  
 Shall pleas'd re-echo Davalus again.  
 Fair Venus will commiserate your woe ;  
 While for her own Adonis tears will flow :  
 And I myself will ne'er your steps forsake,  
 But will for you a curious casket make,  
 With twigs and rushes, wrought with nicest care,  
 And full of figures exquisitely fair :  
 This be my task ; the subject which it shews,  
 Your dying swain, your miserable woes.  
 Despairing ne'er to shine in arms again,  
 Wasted by slow excruciating pain,

\* *The grove so late, &c.*] Thus the original :

—— Tecum omnia quæ modo montes

Cantabant ipsi ; Davalum omnia respondebant.



His face all pale shall be, convuls'd his breath,  
 And his fine eyes at last subside in death :  
 The Addua hard by his grief shall shew,  
 And all his waves most melancholy flow :  
 The Nymphs all beat their breasts, with vi'lets crown'd,  
 And mournful hyacinths shall strew the ground :  
 Kings, and great heroes, the dead body view,  
 And the whole scene with copious tears bedew.  
 The next compartment you yourself shall grace,  
 Heroes, attending sad, your mournful pace ;  
 While, with processions, you the Gods invoke,  
 To spare his life, and stay the fatal stroke :  
 Then to what Deities will you bow down ! \*  
 What costly incense must their altars crown !  
 When not a Deity can ease your pain,  
 Your costly incense on their altars vain :

\* *Then to what Deities, &c.]* Vida's words are ;  
 Quos non interea Divos in vota vocabis ?  
 Quas non muneribus cumulabis grandibus aras ?  
 Omnes sed frustra Divos in vota vocabis ;  
 Muneribus frustra cumulabis grandibus aras.

While

While sad you wander sinking with your fear,  
 The Dryads and the Wood-nymphs shall appear;  
 Present you garlands, made with nicest care,  
 A vain attempt to sooth your deep despair.  
 But when the fatal messenger declares,  
 Your Davalus is dead! how vain your pray'rs!  
 Alas! I then as lifeless you must shew,  
 In your pale face unutterable woe;  
 Your whole attendants gather'd all round  
 As you lie cold, and prostrate on the ground,  
 Shall with spring-water all your face bedew,  
 When the spring-water scarce can life renew.  
 Oh! then what sighs must shew your deep distress;  
 If I cou'd make my figures sighs express:  
 Cruel the Gods, cruel the Fates you call,  
 Cruel the rocks, which did not on you fall;  
 Cruel the earth, which did not gaping wide,  
 You, and your sorrows, in its bosom hide.  
 Oh! ye Etruscan mountains you can tell  
 All the laments that from the mourner fell,



And while you pity'd her uncommon moan,  
 From all your cliffs remurmur'd groan for groan.  
 Prophetic Tityrus these scenes foretold,  
 To me a boy; and when he, dying old,  
 Bequeath'd to me his tender lambs to keep,  
 His wanton kids, and his whole flock of sheep.  
 So Damon follow'd her from hills to plains,  
 While the wild beasts attend his nightly strains,  
 And unsuccessful songs, repeated o'er,  
 To mountains, woods, and ev'ry desert shore.  
 But she the craggy rocks and summits gain'd,  
 Now here, now there, nor wou'd be yet restrain'd:  
 Never the waters of the frozen lake,  
 A form more cold, insensible cou'd take.  
 Stop her, ye River-nymphs, nor let her roam,  
 And Oh! conduct her to her native home.  
 Time's gentle touches regularly flow,  
 And not a day must mitigate such woe.

ODE ON PEACE.

WRITTEN BY

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA

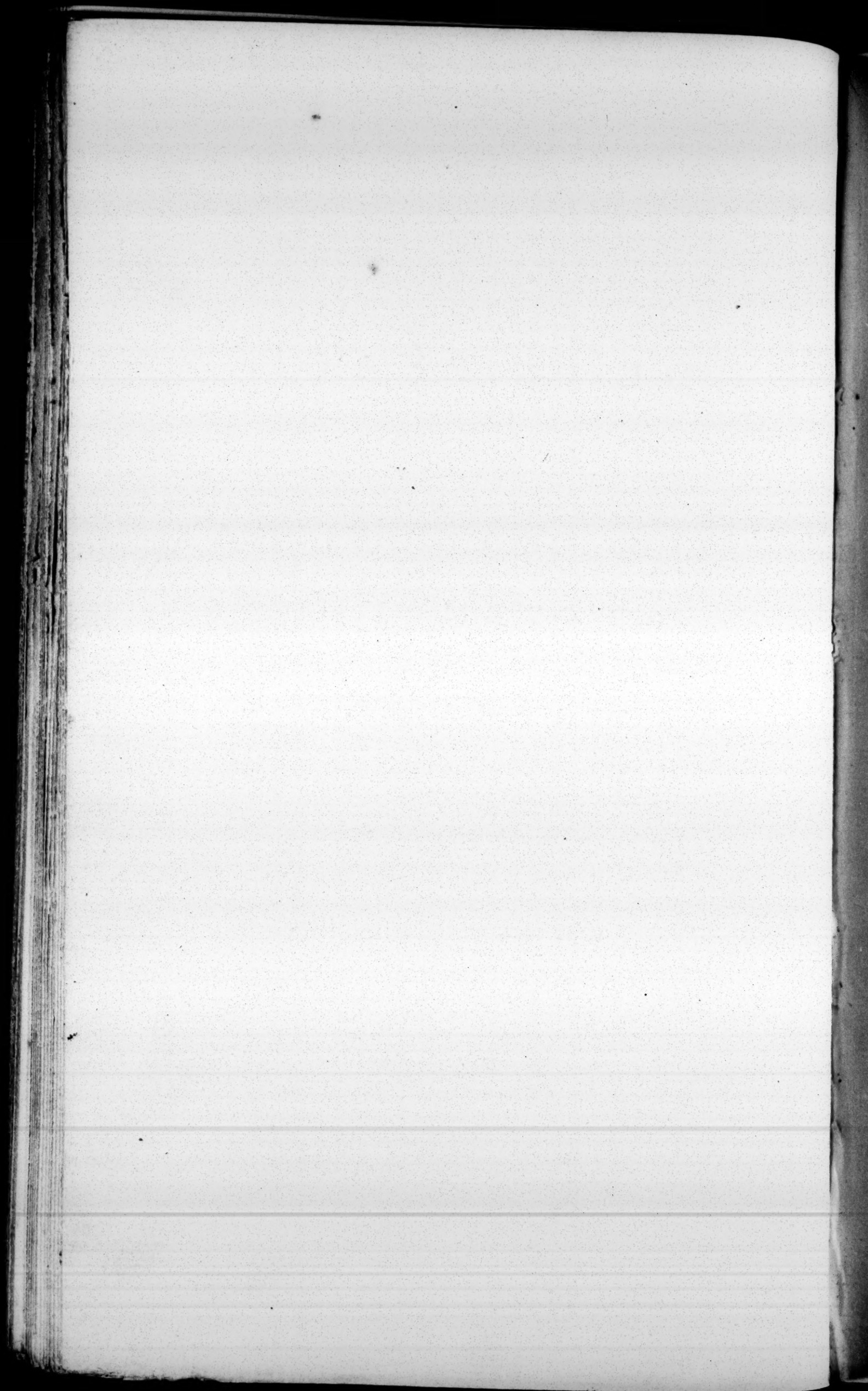
OF CREMONA.

TRANSLATED.

Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque  
Priscus, et neglecta redire virtus  
Audet, apparetque beata pleno  
Copia cornu.

HOR.





O D E O N P E A C E .

SWEETEST Peace, with smiling air,\*  
 Fairest of the heav'nly fair,  
     Ador'd the world around;  
 Oh! how cruel your delay;  
 Hither charmer bend your way,  
     With brightest glory crown'd.

\* *Sweetest Peace.*] Vida begins this Ode very beautifully; his words are as follow:

Pax alma, dulce ubique nomen gentibus  
 Inter Deos pulcherrima  
 Pulcherrimos, quàm me tui expectatio  
 Torquet morantis ah nimis!

Godefs!



Godefs! when your lucid rays  
 Beaming on us golden days,  
     Shall I with pleasure see?  
 When will you serenely bright,  
 Bless the world with purer light,  
     From deadly darkness free.

Godefs! may I once again \*  
 Welcome thee, nor hope in vain  
     Once more thy coming know?  
 Let not pale decrepit age  
 Bend me down with cruel rage,  
     Ere you that bliss bestow.

\* *Godefs! may I once again.*] In the original Latin:

Quando expetentem me, Dea, spe id irrita  
     Tanto beabis munere?  
 Vereor, laboriosa ne longè prius  
     Vincat senectus languidum.

When

When each city shall rejoice,

With a universal voice,

May I, with garlands crown'd,

Hear the swains rejoice and sing,

Dancing in a rustic ring,

And pleasure flowing round.

May the ills each swain laments,

Spring from jarring elements,

And not from bloody war;

May fell steel in scabbards thrust,

Perish'd with corroding rust,

Be banish'd from us far.

May the tyranny of kings,

With ambition's wide-stretch'd wings,

All impotent and vain,

Peaceful souls no more afright,

But in everlasting night,

Be whelm'd beneath the main.

When



When you do not bright appear,\*  
 Plenteous harvests never chear,  
     The nearly famish'd hind;  
 But when bright yourself you shew,  
 Fields in plenty fruits bestow,  
     E'en barren rocks are kind.

You for songs the poets choose,  
 Darling of each tuneful muse,  
     And you those songs reward:  
 Each his friend in safety meets,  
 Pleasing converse cheers our streets,  
     While you each city guard.

\* *When you do not.*] Vida's words are:

Absente te, vix uberes alunt agri  
     Nunquàm colonum desidem,  
 Præsente verò, nuda faxa qui colit,  
     Vel dormiens bonis fluit.

You

You are all the life of trade,  
 Foreign merchandize you aid,  
     The public good your aim ;  
 You the rich and great commend,  
 All the poor know you their friend,  
     And all adore your name.

Fathers, and our matrons chaste,  
 E'en when pregnant eager haste,  
     To sacrifice to you ;  
 You each venerable fage  
 Blooming youth, and ev'ry age  
     With truest love pursue.

On us mortals you bestow,  
 All the happiness we know ;  
     'Tis you with grace divine,  
 Bless us with, that blessing, health,  
 Making us rejoice in wealth,  
     And give us bread and wine.

You



You give freedom, learning, ease,\*  
 Causing nuptial joys to please,  
 Fair progeny bestow :  
 When propitious, life you give ;  
 Unpropitious, sad we live  
 And sink in deadly woe.

Mars will quickly disappear  
 When he shall your foot-steps hear,  
 And with him all his train,  
 Rapines, murders, wounds, and fire,  
 Slaughters, desolations dire,  
 Nor plague the world again.

\* *You give freedom.*] In the original Latin ;

Securitatem, literas, et otium

Et nuptias, et liberos,

Vitamque tandem affers amica cantibus,

Adversa vero luctibus.

We shall then no loss deplore,  
 Vile adult'ry be no more,  
     Nor we our children mourn;  
 Virgins, fam'd for brightest charms,  
 Fear no rapes, but free from harms,  
     True love for love return:

Nor the trumpet's loud alarms,  
 Animate to deadly arms,  
     No more the husband tear,  
 From his wife, all pale with fear,  
 From his tender infants dear,  
     And each domestic care.

If such ills our leaders know,  
 Let them future wars forego;  
     Let them refrain in time,  
 Or on equal terms give o'er,  
 Or their conquests all restore,  
     In ev'ry shore and clime.

Let



Let not glory, let not fame,  
 Let not raging lust inflame,  
     To cruel hostile deeds :  
 Teach our chiefs each gulf to shun,  
 Nor precipitately run,  
     Till ruin sure succeeds.

If I from these evils free,\*  
 In tranquility can see,  
     Our shields consign'd to rust,  
 And on lofty pillars plac'd  
 Black with spiders webs defac'd,  
     And venerable dust :

\* *If I from these evils.]* Thus Vida expresses it :

Istis si ego ab malis procul tandem abstem  
     Tranquillitati redditus,  
 Videamque pendentes acervos arduis  
     Scutorum ubique postibus,  
 Araneorum fila quos obduxerint  
     Nigros vetusto in pulvere.

And

And cou'd see each sword and spear,

One constructed pile appear,

I then wou'd joyful yield,

Humbly bending, stooping low,

Labour's hardy life to know,

And cultivate the field :

Then my mind wou'd be at peace,

Ev'ry frightful terror cease,

And I in constant round

Sometimes labour, sometimes play,

Or to festive joys give way

With olive garlands crown'd :

Books their constant aid shou'd give,

And direct me how to live,

And chear my ev'ning hours,

Or when not dispos'd to roam,

Or oblig'd to keep at home,

By winter winds and show'rs.

G

Goddefs !



Goddeſs ! who alone can give,  
 All the good for which we live,  
 Oh ! tell me by what name,  
 I can beſt my homage pay,  
 By what language beſt I may,  
 Your excellence proclaim.

Hail ! thou faireſt of the fair,  
 Guard us with thy guardian care,  
 Thy opulence beſtow,  
 From thy plenty-giving horn,  
 That we, and thoſe as yet unborn,  
 May all thy bleſſings know.

T H E  
R I V E R D O V E:  
A L Y R I C P A S T O R A L.

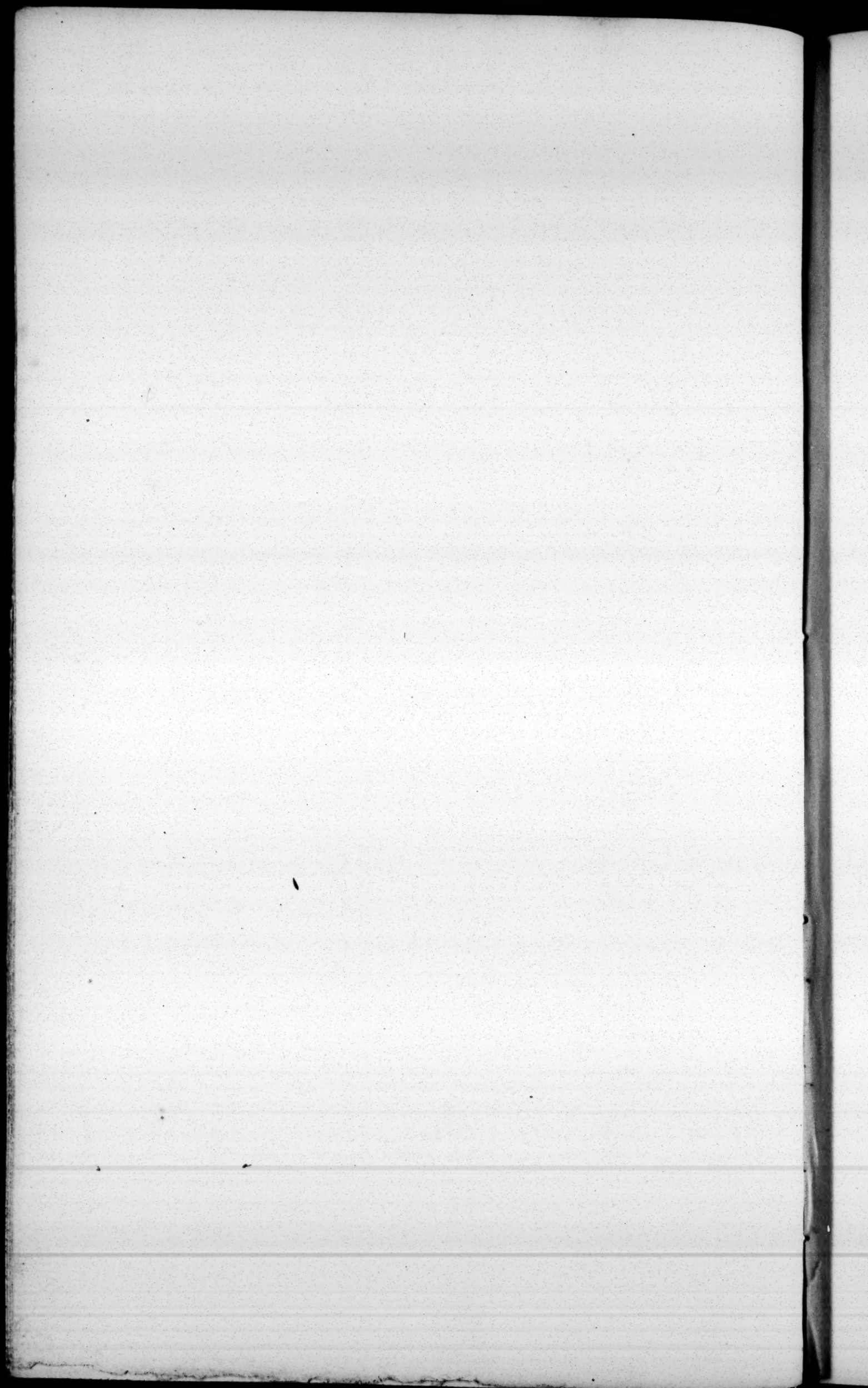
*Καὶ εἶπα, Τίς δώσει μοι πτέρυγας ὥστε περιγεῖναι — SEPT.*

Surgit, et ætherii spectans orientia solis  
Lumina, rite cavis undam de flumine palmis  
Sustulit, ac tales effundit ad æthera voces——

Qualis speluncâ subito commota columba,  
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,  
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis  
Dat tecto ingentem : mox aëre lapsa quieto,  
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

VIRGIL.





The R I V E R D O V E.

**T**O furnish a theme for my muse,  
 What need a wide compass to roam,  
 But sing the fine landships and views,  
 And rural gay scenes about home :  
 Near Dove's azure stream is my cot,  
 All over the meads how I rove !  
 Contented, and pleas'd with my lot,  
 And soft play my pipe in the grove.

Oh ! Pastoral Muse, aid the lay,  
 Invok'd by a pastoral swain,  
 With notes wild as those from the spray,  
 And sweet as the Mantuan strain ;  
 Of Dove, and its banks be my song ;  
 There Flora bedecks the gay mead,  
 Uniting its borders along,  
 The beauties of Arno and Tweed.



Say, Muse, where the Dove has its source,  
 The grotto, where pure it abides,  
 Where, sweetly meanders its course,  
 How swift thro' the vallies it glides :  
 Look yonder among the Peak hills  
 Rich marbles and ores are its bed ;  
 Thence bursting, it tinkles in rills,  
 And raises its crystalline head.

Encreas'd to a river it speeds,  
 Now rapid, its course now oppos'd,  
 And soon to sweet Berisford leads,\*  
 By mountainous masses inclos'd :  
 Sequester'd, as Berisford stands,  
 It boasts its poetical grove,  
 And numbers poetic demands,  
 As primary beauty on Dove.

Here

\* *Berisford* :] Formerly the seat of Charles Cotton, Esq; now  
 the seat of Mr. Osborn, Barrister at Law. Near this place there  
 is

Here Cotton his temple has rear'd,  
 Which yonder peninsula shews,  
 By fishermen lov'd and rever'd,  
 For sacred to fishers it rose:  
 Close shaded those osiers among,  
 The father of fishers wou'd lie,  
 And while silver Dove was his song,  
 Improv'd for deception the fly.

See! farther where spreads the broad lake,\*  
 Which Dove's limpid water supplies,  
 Surpassing all art in its make,  
 That natural obelisk rise:

Plac'd

is yet standing the fishing-house, built by Charles Cotton, Esq; with an inscription over the entrance, Piscatoribus sacrum. It is also ornamented with the initials of Mr. Cotton's and Mr. Walton's names, in a cypher: here too he is supposed to have written his book on fishing; as also his much-admired poetical works.

\* *Pike Pool*:] A very remarkable place in the River Dove; where, from the midst of a large basin, arises, in a steeping kind of form,



Plac'd just in the midst of yon pool,  
 Enormous it seems to be grown,  
 And nearly proportion'd by rule,  
 And fashion'd of one single stone.

A cavern opes now its huge round,  
 The Dove in its womb to inclose;  
 Hark! hollow its murmurs resound,  
 While deep thro' its bowels it flows:  
 Absorb'd tho' the Dove from our sight,  
 A chymical filtering tries,  
 Emerging I see it more bright,  
 And more with transparency rise.

a natural obelisk all of one entire stone; below which, the Dove being oppos'd in its course by some prodigious large rocks, and entering a cavern, has forced its way under them, and runs concealed under ground for about a mile, and then breaks out with more beauty than before; and may justly be said to be the finest ornament of one of the finest vales in England.

By

By Ilam away the Dove flies,\*  
 Surrounded with cliffs, caves, and mines;  
 See there the wild Manifold rise;  
 See Dove how it lovingly joins:  
 What beauties combine to delight!  
 How Manifold plays all around!  
 Now rising, now sinking, from sight,  
 Then wantons again o'er the ground.

But who can the wonders disclose,  
 Or beauties of Dove-dale display;  
 Its grand amphitheatre shews,  
 The horrid, romantic, and gay:

\* *Ilam* :] A very beautiful and elegant feat near the banks of the Dove, belonging to John Port, Esq; and is in the most wild and romantic situation that can possibly be conceived: to which the River Manifold, springing above the house, gives additional beauty; it is lost under ground for a considerable way, but rises again, and soon after joins the River Dove. There is also another subterraneous river rises in Mr. Port's Gardens, called the Hamps.



How finely contrasted the flocks!

All o'er the high cliffs as they climb,  
The verdure, cascades, and rough rocks,  
That seem as co-eval with time.

Yet here, tho' amusing the sight,

With tears the poor Dean I will mourn; \*  
Who climb'd up the rock's dizzy height,  
By ways never doom'd to return:

Ah! why did you ride up so high?

Why tempt so terrific a steep!  
Conducting a lady: ah! why,

Where tremble to tread the poor sheep.

\* The Reverend Dean Langton and Miss La Roche, who were on a visit at Wenman Coke's, Esq; at Longford, and went to entertain themselves with a fight of Dove-dale, where the Dean was unfortunately killed with attempting to reach the top of one of the rocks with a lady on the same horse; the lady was saved by the hair of her head being entangled in some bushes.

How shriek'd the hoarse ravens a knell !

When vain, and quite useless the rein,  
All dreadful ! together down fell,

The horse, the poor lady, and Dean :  
The lady, by lace-braided hair,  
Entangl'd in brambles was found,  
Suspended unhurt in mid-air ;

The Dean met his death with the ground.

Now swiftly Dove's stream I'll pursue,

And haste to the Okeover shades ; \*  
There stop—and with rapture review,  
The picture in yon colonades ;  
What eye, cou'd those eyes see to draw,  
So beaming, so placid, and mild,  
The Deity there with what awe !  
Informs the blest'd face of a child.

\* Okeover ; the seat of the late Leak Okeover, Esq; where there is a most inestimable original painting of the Holy Family, by Raphael.



Ah me! see the virgin's fine form,  
 As breathing, and seeming to move!  
 Her rose-blushing cheek, as if warm,  
 And fair, as the feign'd Queen of Love:  
 Such life-giving tints ne'er cou'd glow,  
 Till Raphael his pencil employ'd;  
 The pencil, such grace to bestow  
 Sure Raphael the Angel must guide.

Sweet Mapleton grace now my song,\*  
 Where constantly verdure prevails  
 Such praises to thee may belong,  
 As due to Arcadian vales;  
 Thy bowling-green pleasant, and fine,  
 Like velvet soft-carpeted o'er,  
 Thy company, dinners, and wine,  
 For each has enjoyment in store.

\* Mapleton; a pleasant village upon the Dove, where there is  
 a bowling-green, much frequented by company.

With ardour, see artists inflam'd,  
 Beginning the sportive attack,  
 The bowl, see obliquely tho' aim'd  
 Smooth-running turns round to the jack :  
 Now flee—and now rub—is the cry,  
 While sporting refresh'd with each breeze ;  
 The exercise let me enjoy,  
 Gymnastic, and banish disease.

Near Ashburn, Dove sweetly now flows,  
 Presenting new scenes to admire,  
 How light, and how pleasingly shews !  
 Yon loftily-tapering spire :  
 Diminish'd so truly with art,  
 Each stranger its height must approve,  
 And own it must beauty impart,  
 To meads where meanders the Dove.



The valley now farther extends,  
 Nor now a rude rock can be seen,  
 Thro' which the sweet river descends,  
 And pleasingly varies the scene:  
 Here Mathfield engages my strains \*  
 With yonder agreeable feat ;  
 Where happy 'midst flowery plains  
 A Ley has his rural retreat.

Dove rapid now glides thro' the glade,  
 To Granville's umbrageous groves, †  
 Irriguous thro' the deep shade,  
 And violet borders it roves :  
 There sweet-smelling shrubs are entwin'd,  
 Round temples, pavilions, and grotts,  
 The zephyrs from odours combin'd,  
 Waft sweets to the neighbouring cots.

\* Mathfield; the seat of Thomas Ley, Esq.

† Calwich; the seat of Barnard Granville, Esq; the gardens very beautiful, with temples, grotts, &c. and in one of the grottos is an aviary.

But

But hush! what a concert I hear!

Those birds how they warble, and sing!

While aiding to ravish my ear,

Soft touch'd is the lyrichord string ;

The wood-pigeons cooing love-moans!

Bees murmur—deep answering all

The Dove is here taught, down the stones,

In bass most melodious to fall.

Now Norbury nods high in air, \*

So gothic appearing to fight ;

I must to its turret repair,

And windows all story-bedight :

Extinctur'd devotion to aid,

Here colours with nature may vie,

Attentive I view ev'ry shade,

And catch glowing zeal with my eye.

\* Norbury ; a remarkable place in the times of Popery ; and still so, for its lofty situation over the Dove, and the curious painted glafs in the church.



Who cou'd to these forms so admir'd  
 Formation Promethean give ?  
 The artist from writings inspir'd,  
 Has bid the bold figures to live :  
 Here David sweeps lofty the lyre,  
 Attuning his voice to the strings,  
 At once has his God to inspire,  
 His God for the theme that he sings.

But hark ! or my ear may delude ;  
 Sweet ravishment flows from his tongue ;  
 I hear him with raptures endu'd,  
 Soft warble his heavenly song !  
 What art can arrest so the voice !  
 What magic the numbers has bound !  
 Ne'er yet was expression more nice  
 Or nearer to picturing found.

See here a Messiah appear,  
 Incarnate the God I behold!  
 A wonder, e'en Angels revere;  
 A wonder they cannot unfold;  
 For sense, tho' the Saviour's too bright,  
 His love may us mortals allure;  
 And guide us to copy aright,  
 A pattern so perfectly pure.

Tho', enthusiastic I gaze,  
 The glass tho' enliven'd it glow,  
 My soul shall the Deity praise,  
 Nor other Divinity know:  
 For formerly shew, and parade,  
 The zealous wou'd often delude,  
 While bead-telling monks made a trade,  
 Of relics, the shrine, and the Rood.



By Rocester, now let me steer, \*  
 And Roman vestigia trace;  
 To Dove, see the Churnet draw near;  
 In Dove, see it ending its race:  
 The Churnet, tho' gloomy its way,  
 Is honour'd by Alton's high towers,  
 Whose castle, tho' now in decay,  
 Impending hostility lowers.

On yonder agreeable hill,  
 Where pleasingly rises the ground,  
 A Bainbrigge has fix'd his neat vill; †  
 And there a fam'd picture is found:  
 The painting with wonderful grace,  
 The gardens of Nero displays;  
 Where sculpture antique has a place,  
 And fair as the chisel might raise.

A pile

\* Rocester; where there are yet some traces of the Romans.

† A very neat house lately built by Thomas Bainbrigge, Esq;  
 in a sweet situation; and in the drawing-room is a very valuable  
 painting

A pile now attracts ev'ry eye,\*  
 Where yonder green avenue leads,  
 The banks of the river fast by,  
 And heads the Cottonian meads :  
 All sporting the Naiads about,  
 Around the fair mansion are seen ;  
 Its owner his taste shews without,  
 The pomp of the east is within.

From hence see a grove of old trees,†  
 In shade above shade, o'er the Dove,  
 O'erhanging the bank in degrees,  
 With woodbines high flaunting enwove ;

painting representing a scene in a garden near Rome, supposed to be Nero's: one ornament of the picture is a fragment of a curious basso-relievo excellently painted.

\* Crakemarsh ; the seat of the Rev. Dr. Cotton.

† Eaton ; an old romantic seat belonging to Godfrey Clark, Esq; now uninhabited ; but is a most noble object to the gardens at Crakemarsh.



Embosom'd there Eaton I see,  
 An ivy-crown'd, gloomy retreat,  
 Enchantment appearing to be,  
 Or antient knight-errantry feat.

Now forward beneath the thick shade,  
 Swift glides the cærulean stream,  
 How charming the scene is display'd!  
 When gilt by the sun's vivid beam:  
 With oſiers its paſſage to guide,  
 Descending thro' many a turn,  
 Encreasing the Dove with its tide,  
 Bright Tean here diſcharges its urn.

To thee, Oh! Toot-hill, now I go; \*  
 What landſkips, and proſpects are thine!  
 The current, how pleaſing below,  
 Deſcribing yon beautiful line:

\* Toot-hill; a remarkable eminence on the very ſummit of the high-wood near Uttoxeter, ſuppoſed to be one of the old Roman Tumuli; this ſpot commands a moſt beautiful and extenſive proſpect.

The



The uplands all waving with corn;  
 On herds, and on flocks, I look down;  
 The picture still more to adorn,  
 See steeples, see cots, and a town.\*

Uttoxeter, sweet are thy views!  
 Each scene of my past boyish days,  
 Past pleasure in fancy renews,  
 While gratitude sings in thy praise;  
 Here Plenty with copious horn,  
 Dispenses her bounties around,  
 And rosy thy sons, like the morn,  
 In health, and in spirits abound.

\* Uttoxeter: in a very healthful and sweet situation; but very little more can be said of it, than what the Poet, Alexander Necham, says of another place, viz.

Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit  
 Annos fœlices, lætitiæque dies.  
 Hic locus ingenuus, pueriles imbuit annos  
 Artibus, et nostræ laudis origo fuit.



Thy buildings, what tho' they are plain,  
 And boast no magnificent dome,  
 Enough for the wife may contain,  
 Enjoying true pleasure at home;  
 How happy, thy poor, who enjoy! \*  
 Possessions o'er want to prevail;  
 Whose hills daily bread can supply,  
 And sweet milky tribute the vale.

How oft has thy rural parade,  
 So fam'd on the first of sweet May,  
 With garlands bedecking each maid,  
 Delighted me thro' the long day:  
 Oh! May, with thy beautiful train,  
 How joyous thy happy return!  
 But wishing thy stay, is in vain,  
 And only thy swiftnefs we mourn.

Tho'

\* A tract of land at the high-wood, which was a grant from the Crown to the poor of Uttoxeter, most of it inclosed; near the part that is common, is an old Mansion-house belonging to the family  
 of

Tho' May, with rapidity flies,  
 Succeeded by winterly storm,  
 Who peace in his bosom enjoys,  
 December to May can transform :  
 Then may I, when youth is no more,  
 On hope, in humility lean,  
 And when May of life is no more,  
 My winter of life be serene.

See yonder, all blithsome and gay,  
 Where mowers have cut the green grafs,  
 The lads and the lasses make hay,  
 Each aiming the rest to surpass ;  
 Observe, in and out, how they twine !  
 The hay how they gracefully rake !  
 And moving in beauty's true line,  
 All joyous the labour partake.

of Minors, who, according to Mr. Peter Lightfoot, who was Vicar of Uttoxeter, and who took a survey of the whole parish in the year 1658, had very large possessions.



Thy buildings, what tho' they are plain,  
 And boast no magnificent dome,  
 Enough for the wise may contain,  
 Enjoying true pleasure at home;  
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There heard is the love-ditty'd strain,  
 Conjoin'd with the notes from the spray :  
 There milk-maids trip neat o'er the plain,  
 And harmless the lambs are at play :  
 How grateful the strain to my ear !  
 How rural simplicity warms !  
 Where love undisguis'd may appear,  
 And innocence boast in its charms.

New pleasures each way as I look,  
 In pleasing variety rise ;  
 The angler there plies the fly hook,  
 Conceal'd by the fraudulent flies :  
 From Cotton the angler is taught,  
 The fraudulent fly to prepare,  
 To wield the long rod as he ought,  
 And yet longer line thro' the air.

With

With nimbleness now see he throws,  
 His flies where yon stream is begun,  
 Seducing the trout from repose,  
 As basking he lay in the sun;  
 The trout darts aloft at the flies,  
 Nor can the temptation forbear,  
 Long struggles, and tugs, ere he dies,  
 But kill'd is at last by an hair.

That cell where the bank flow doth bend,\*  
 Was Malbon's the learn'd, and the sage,  
 My teacher, Mecænas, and friend,  
 With pleasantry temper'd with age:  
 Flow tears the dear urn to bedew,  
 Flow elegy mournfully turn'd:  
 Oh! cou'd I those chords wake anew,  
 When Milton his Lycidas mourn'd.

\* The Reverend Mr. Malben's house, the late Vicar of Uttox-  
 eter; now occupied by the Reverend Athanasius Herring.



With grief, wou'd he pitiful grieve,  
 To sooth the sad mourner how kind!  
 Delighting pale want to relieve,  
 How glow'd his benevolent mind!  
 His eloquence taught to revere,  
 His life the Supreme to adore;  
 Whom only the vicious cou'd fear,  
 The virtuous regarded the more.

A Gardner demands too my sighs; \*  
 A soldier, and truly was brave;  
 Obscurely enturf'd tho' he lies,  
 No stone to discover his grave!

\* Colonel Gardner; who, at the same time that he was the polite, and the agreeable gentleman, was the truly worthy veteran: he was of signal service to his country at the battle of Culloden; and served in several campaigns abroad in the last war, with honour to himself, and his King: he sold out of the army a little before his death; but had some time before settled his family in Uttoxeter.

The Muse ever true to her trust,  
 His name shall preserve from decay,  
 When monuments moulder to dust,  
 And marble shall crumble away.

'Midst beauties all vary'd and gay,  
 Yet let me the prospect enjoy,  
 Enrich'd by the beams of the day,  
 While calm and serene is the sky :  
 The buildings around how they shew !  
 The woods and fair pastures between ;  
 Far distant as vision can go,  
 High Weever back-grounds the gay scene. \*

But ah ! when descending the rain,  
 With fury tempestuous pours,  
 When delug'd all o'er is the plain,  
 And cover'd its verdure and flow'rs ;

\* Weever ; a range of high hills on the Staffordshire side of the River Dove.



Each fwain speeds away to his flock,  
 While roaring wide-spread the proud waves,  
 Conducting to safety his stock,  
 And timely from perishing faves.

Tho' horrid the flood may appear,  
 All raging and rolling with foam;  
 Each bosom, tho' panting with fear,  
 Uncertain how far it may roam;  
 Yet flows not the deluge in vain,  
 Its fatness enriches the soil,  
 New verdure it gives to the plain,  
 Like Egypt enrich'd by the Nile.

Nor wants here the winter its joys;  
 That greyhound how swift he can run!  
 The partridge, here oft as it flies,  
 The sportsman brings down with his gun:

There

There cricket a party employs,  
 High foaring aloft goes the ball ;  
 That youth what activity tries !  
 To catch it ere down it may fall.

Now jovial the chace meets my ear ;  
 Thro' Needwood the horn chearly sounds ; \*  
 While each, under each, deep and clear,  
 All open the mellow-mouth'd hounds ;  
 Hark ! Finder, with treble so high,  
 Shrill-sounding thro' mix'd tenor notes,  
 And roaring, a bass fills the cry,  
 From Bumper and Jowler's loud throats.

Hark, tally-ho ! rings thro' the throng,  
 Swift flying o'er hill, dale, and flood ;  
 And Echo, the loud-cracking thong,  
 Retwangs and prolongs thro' the wood :

\* Needwood ; a forest in Staffordshire, belonging to the crown.



The sportsmen all in at the death,  
 Quick Renard to pieces now torn,  
 Yields 'mid a full chorus his breath,  
 Of huntsmen, hounds, echo, and horn.

When weather most sharp and severe,  
 With snow has quite cover'd the ground,  
 And frost makes the prospect all drear,  
 E'en then some amusement is found ;  
 Yon lake to a crystal congeal'd,  
 See sportful the scater enjoys,  
 Swift birds to his swiftness must yield,  
 As rapidly graceful he flies.

Conduct me now, Muse, o'er the bridge,  
 To sit in yon house on the hill ; \*  
 Where slopes the green bank from its ridge,  
 And opens a view to the mill :

\* The house belonging to the Reverend Mr. Fitzherbert at  
 Doveridge in Derbyshire.

From

From yon liquid mirrour above,  
 The foaming cascade is down roll'd;  
 And Cuthbert's old well's in that grove,  
 Its fishes refulgent with gold.

From thence with delight may I tread,\*  
 That natural terrafs in view,  
 A fabric there rearing its head,†  
 Adorns the fine landskip anew:

\* See the engraved Vignette in the Title Page.

† A new house now erecting at Doveridge by Sir H. Cavendish, Bart. after the designs, and under the direction of Mr. Stevens, Architect; which, though not in a superb, yet is in a most pleasing and correct taste. The building is composed of brick and stone judiciously blended together: the principal apartments are raised on a rustic basement; the center part of the grand front, which faces the River Dove, is distinguished by a particularity in the Architecture, almost unknown in this country, though very frequent in Italy: it is a recess, or open gallery, which the Italians call a *Loggia*, and describe, as *Edifio aperto, che si regge in su Pilastrì, o' colonne*: and is very ingeniously contrived for enjoying the distant prospect; which with the grand natural terrafs running along that front, the fine vernal valley beneath, the winding course of the Dove through it, and a great variety of other charming objects, is beautiful beyond description.

Those



Those columns a Cavendish rears,  
 Conspicuous, noble, and high;  
 May Cavendish long, full of years,  
 The Loggia's rich prospect enjoy.

A building so happily plac'd,  
 With art may the architect rear;  
 And may it with ornaments grac'd,  
 In miniature Chatsworth appear:  
 Where William, the great noble Duke,\*  
 Magnificent rais'd the huge pile,  
 And worthy himself undertook,  
 A monument gracing our isle.

\* Having occasion to mention the Cavendish family, it has drawn me on to this little digression to Chatsworth in Derbyshire, the seat of the most noble Duke of Devonshire: the house is too well known to need any description here, only that it was begun and finished by the Great William Duke of Devonshire, so famous for his steady adherence to the cause of Liberty, and the noble stand he made against arbitrary power: the great share he had in bringing about the Union, and the glorious Revolution, ought ever to be remembered by all true Englishmen with the utmost gratitude.

Oh!

Oh ! Cavendish, great honour'd name,  
 How long in thy praise might I dwell  
 Recorded so loudly by Fame, \*  
 What actions heroical tell !  
 What virtues in most of the race,  
 Both public, and private have shone !  
 What honour, politeness, and grace !  
 Which all have concenter'd in one.

Ah ! whither wild Muse wilt thou lead ?  
 Again the sweet River attend,  
 Where Woodford's fine-carpeted mead, †  
 Invites the warm evening to spend :

On

\* Alluding to the inscription on the monument of the above William Duke of Devonshire in All Saints Church at Derby; which says, *Provinciam sustinuit, quali peritia, integritate, ac laude, ipsam roga.* †

† *Imaginem Famæ cum tuba decoratam.*

† Woodford; formerly a seat belonging to the Webbs; now the property of Sir William Bagot, Bart. of Blithfield; a thick wood upon the declivity of an hill, with a small brook at the bottom, runs parallel with the river for a considerable way; betwixt which the



On this hand, hear Dove rapid run;  
 On this a brook murmur its way:  
 A shade are its elms from the sun,  
 And melody floats from each spray.

But hark! as my walk I prolong,  
 Yon lark poiz'd aloft in the air,  
 With melody floating his song,  
 Might waken the soul of despair:  
 Continue soft songster thy lay;  
 Yet longer delaying thy rest:  
 Ah! no—now no longer 'tis day,  
 He drops quick as thought to his nest.

Withdrawn tho' now quite is the sun,  
 And gilds not the plain with a ray,  
 And night's dusky reign is begun,  
 Yet pleas'd, and yet longer I stray:

meadows, covered with the finest verdure, afford a sweet walk, in a  
 summer evening; and the great variety of birds singing in the wood,  
 are no little addition to the entertainment.

While

While glow-worms bespangle the ground,  
 Above, is a ravishing scene ;  
 Bespangl'd with stars all around,  
 How charming yon azure serene.

Can chance to such harmony grow ?  
 Those orbs in due order maintain ?  
 Philosophy bids us to know,  
 Not one of them twinkles in vain :  
 O'erflowing with rapture my soul,  
 Shall infinite wisdom adore !  
 The Deity beams thro' the whole,  
 Who views, is an Atheist no more.

As down the sweet margin I stray,  
 That winds with the swift-gliding stream,  
 With beauty resplendent, and gay,  
 Yon dome shall ascend in my theme ; \*

\* Sudbury; the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Vernon, in a most delightful situation, and the park and gardens laid out with great taste and elegance.



Oh! Muse, higher harmony bring,  
 Of Sudbury, loftily tell;  
 A Vernon, and Lady, now sing,  
 Where greatness and goodness excell.

The structure's majestic and grand;  
 Its Lord is both noble and kind,  
 Its Lady respect may command,  
 With freedom and dignity join'd;  
 One view shews a park and its deer,  
 With buildings antique and a cave;  
 A lawn in that view will appear,  
 And verdant a shrubbery wave.

How glassy and smooth the broad lake!  
 Where stately the swans row their pride;  
 Where changeable gloss shews the drake;  
 Where arches elliptic bestride:

The walks thro' the woods to and fro,  
 All serpentine turn to the bow'rs;  
 The fruits as in Eden here shew,  
 Emparadis'd there are the flow'rs.

Here vines their ripe clusters bestow,  
 There fragrance the strawberry sheds;  
 Ambrosial ananas there grow,  
 Like gold their imperial heads:  
 Here roses bespangl'd with dew,  
 Here hyacinths blush in gay dyes,  
 Auriculas here of each hue,  
 Enamell'd all quaintly their eyes.

Omnipotence high to adore,  
 The mattins due service now calls;  
 Where solemn, thro' shades hanging o'er,  
 The church shews its old hallow'd walls:



There joining the organ and choir,  
 My praises as incense shall rise,  
 Good Addenbrook warmth will inspire, \*  
 And lecture on heavenly joys.

Sweet here is the day's dewy prime,  
 And sweet its declining at eve;  
 So charm'd with the gay, the sublime!  
 How yet can I Sudbury leave?  
 Enamour'd the Dove with the view,  
 Runs slow and reluctant away;  
 And murmurs a plaintive adieu,  
 As seeming its course to delay.

Thro' willows impending and shade,  
 The river now drives on its waves;  
 Where hoary with honours decay'd,  
 A castle's huge basis it laves:

\* The Reverend Dr. John Addenbrook, Dean of Litchfield, and Rector of Sudbury.

'Twas here \* John of Gaunt kept his court,

As Tutbury's legends unfold,

And chivalry honour'd the fort,

In festive high tournaments bold.

Those

\* Tutbury ; where there are some fine remains of a castle, on the top of an high hill of alabaſter, on the bank of the River Dove, upon the Staffordſhire ſide. Henry de Ferrers, who came into England with William the Conqueror, and had large poſſeſſions allotted him in Staffordſhire, is ſaid, in ancient hiſtory, to be the firſt builder of it ; and it continued in his family till the reign of Henry the Third ; when Robert de Ferrers, for joining himſelf to Simon Montford, in ſome attempt againſt the King, was fined for his offence in the ſum of fifty thouſand pounds ſterling, a vaſt ſum in thoſe days, to be paid, *Simul et ſemel in uno die*: Robert de Ferrers laid himſelf under an obligation, upon nonpayment, to forfeit all his lands, except Chartley in Staffordſhire, and Holbroc in Derbyſhire ; and as ſuch a ſum could by no means be raiſed, the caſtle of Tutbury, with all the Dutchy eſtate, became forfeited to King Henry the Third, who gave it to his ſon Edmund Earl of Lancaſter. In the time of Thomas Earl of Lancaſter, it was brought to decay ; but John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter is ſaid to have repaired, or to have rebuilt it ; he lived in it with great ſplendour and hoſpitality, and it was the chief reſort of the nobility in theſe parts ; for whoſe entertainment a great variety of exerciſes and amuſements were introduced ; among which the Bull-running was one ; great numbers of muſicians alſo attended ; for the regulation of whom there were particular rules and laws eſtabliſhed, and a King annually elected to ſuperintend them, who had a charter granted him : it was wrote in



Those battlements mounted on high,  
 The skill of old masonry shew,  
 Secure from the frauds of the spy,  
 Or storms from the armour-clad foe :  
 Here sturdy wild bulls to engage,  
 Nobility us'd to resort ;  
 Still yearly, to popular rage,  
 A sacrific'd bull is the sport.

old French, and entitled, *Carta le Roy de Minisralx*. From the Dukes of Lancaster the castle became a seat of the Earls and Dukes of Devonshire ; and it was one of the places where the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was confined : It is now in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Vernon, who has repaired one of the towers. The custom of turning a wild Bull out among the populace is yet kept up annually the sixteenth day of August, which is called the Bull-running : There is also a King of the Fiddlers chose, and some sort of court parade preserved by a Steward, Bailiff, Jurors, &c. by which customs very considerable estates are held, which were formerly granted from the Crown ; but what remains of the Dutchy Court is only a faint shadow of its antient grandeur,

Ah !

Ah! Tutbury, chang'd are thy days,  
 Since those of the great John of Gaunt;  
 Where princes contended for bays,  
 Is now of vile rabble the haunt :  
 Thy music now riot destroys ;  
 Where harmony us'd to resound,  
 All scraping, confusion, and noise,  
 With discord presiding around.

Here Mary, unfortunate Queen !  
 The loss of sweet liberty knew :  
 Immur'd thy strong turrets between,  
 With liberty full in her view :  
 She view'd it beneath in the mead,  
 The herds there cou'd liberty boast ;  
 There bounding at freedom the steed,  
 Reminded her what she had lost.

Perhaps



Perhaps the poor Queen was to blame ;  
 For who from all blame can be free ?  
 Her enemies all were the same,  
 To cruel, and deadly degree :  
 What means cannot envy pursue !  
 Condemn'd where she fled for support !  
 The adage confirms to be true ;  
 “ Fear nothing when far from a court.” \*

How oft has it moisten'd my eye,  
 Thy tragedy mournful to hear !  
 The pitiful ne'er will deny,  
 To drop for the wretched a tear ; †

\* *Fear nothing, &c.*] Alluding to the old Latin proverb;  
 Procul a Jove atque fulmine.

† *To drop for the wretched a tear.*] Here I must again quote a few  
 lines from the Latin :

———— mollissima corda  
 Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,  
 Quæ lachrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

JUVENAL.

Ye

Ye drops with indulgency flow,  
 To forrow a kindly relief;  
 But few are so happy but know,  
 There may be indulgence in grief.

Augmented by many a rill,  
 Dove foaming continues its way,  
 To Eggington's elegant vill,\*  
 Yet rural, and pleasingly gay;  
 The Driads, and Naiades join,  
 Their aid in improving the place,  
 And while they each other entwine,  
 Each other alternately grace.

\* Eggington; a very beautiful seat in a sweet situation, near the banks of the River Dove, belonging to Sir John Every, Bart. very greatly improv'd of late years; the land about the house being laid out into woods, lawns and lakes, in a very agreeable and pleasing taste. A little below Eggington is a bridge over the Dove called Munk's Bridge; beyond which the navigable canal appears in view, and is an additional beauty to the prospect.

But



But stop—for awhile let me gaze!

What object now crosses my theme?

'Tis what will astonishment raise,

O'er Dove carry'd high flows a stream:

Now arch'd, now beneath, like a Mole,

Who cou'd navigation invent?

The thought's from a Brindley's great soul,

Of joining the Mersey and Trent.\*

The

\* The grand navigable canal now making betwixt the River Mersey and the Trent through Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire; after the plan, and under the direction, of Mr. Brindley. It was begun in the year 1766, and is a great part of it completed, and passable for barges of thirty tons burthen: the whole extent of the canal from the Mersey to the Trent below Derby, at the Derwent mouth, is eighty-eight miles. In its course it takes in the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, the canal to the River Severn, and the canal to Coventry; it is conveyed under ground near a mile at Preston, and above a mile at Hare Castle, and arched over with brick; and at Armitage it is carried under a rock the length of one hundred and thirty-two yards, and as there is a large open at each end, and carried through the rock in a direct line, it is a most agreeable entertainment to walk along the horse track through the subterraneous passage, by the side of the canal; one entrance into this subterraneous passage is ornamented on the top, and affords a delightful view to the seat of Nathaniel Lyfter, Esq; the house being

The poor shall, repining no more,  
 When full the canal makes its way,  
 The want of employment deplore,  
 But commerce their labours repay ;  
 Ye wealthy, why shou'd you oppose ?  
 Pursue the beneficent plan,  
 Uniting wherever it flows,  
 Each vill with each mart of Japan.

See Dove as a parting falute,  
 Bent seems to retraverse its course,  
 Recoiling with sudden volute,  
 And aiming again to its source :

being situated close by the navigable cut. The canal is twice carried across the River Trent, once near Colwich, and again near Witchnor ; it is also carried over the River Dove below Eggington by a number of arches ; and, upon the whole, it is much superior in its design and utility, to all the grand aqueducts of the Romans so much celebrated by the writers of antiquity.

Ah!



Ah! no—a return is deny'd,  
 Impell'd is each wave by a wave;  
 Thus moments successively glide,  
 Till that which conducts to the grave.

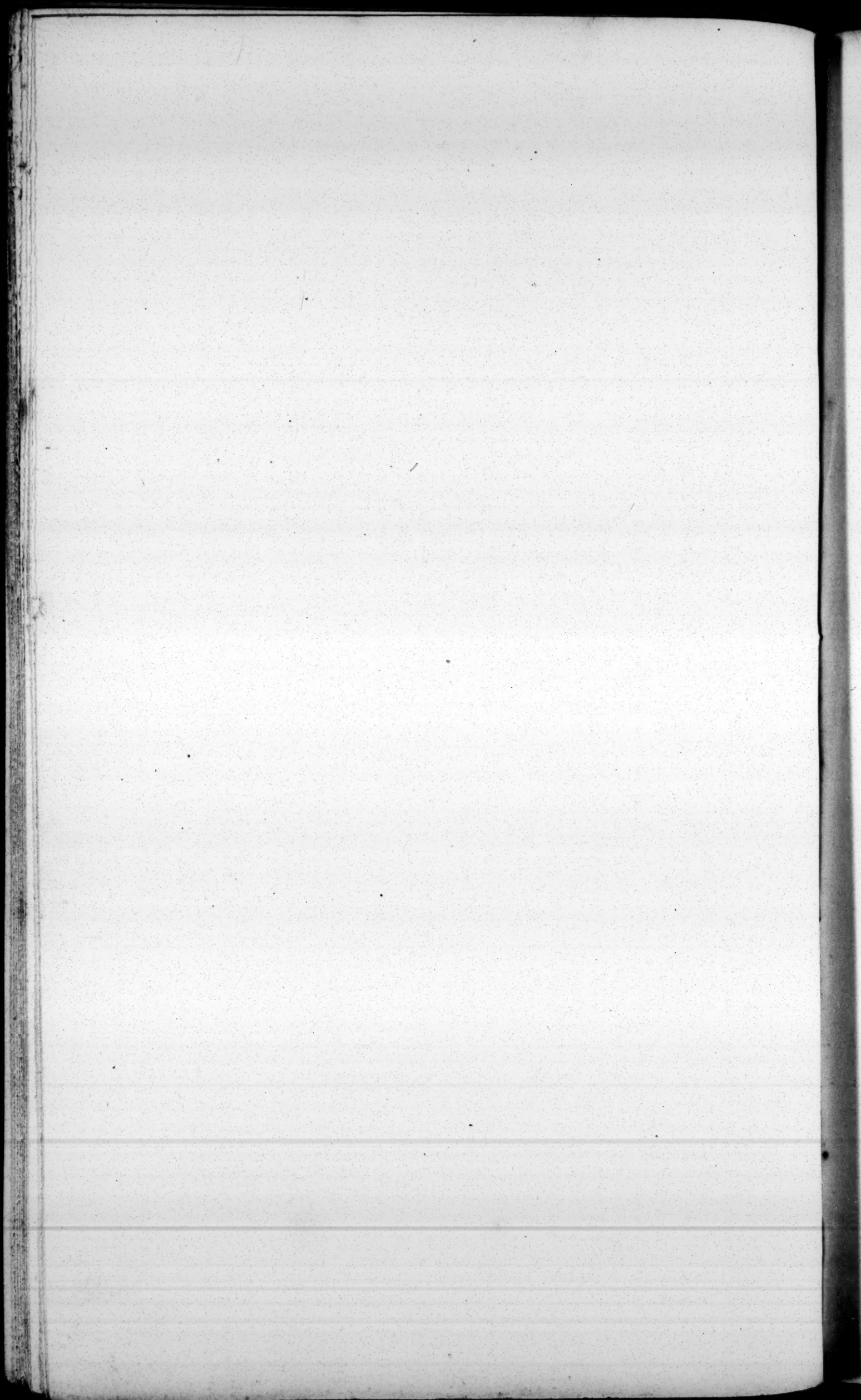
Lo! yonder, with seeming intent,  
 How nature Dove's exit has grac'd;  
 Yon high craggy rock o'er the Trent,\*  
 As if for a monument plac'd!  
 Those stones now improv'd can afford,  
 In summer a pleasant retreat;  
 Where spread is the sociable board,  
 With wines ev'ry toast to repeat.

\* A very remarkable high rock at Newton Solney, on the opposite side of the River Trent, from where the Dove empties itself. On the top of the rock is erected a very elegant room for entertainments in the summer season, with a kitchen down below, and vaults for wine, &c. all cut out of the rock, and executed very lately by Sir John Every, Bart. of Eggington.

Now Dove end thy course down below,  
 And mix other waters among;  
 But long as thy fountain shall flow,  
 So long shalt thou flow in my song:  
 Cease, cease, Oh! lov'd Muse, the soft lay;  
 And cease, Oh! fair Dove, thy soft name;  
 Along with the Trent roll thy way,  
 The Muse has recorded thy fame.

T H E





T H E

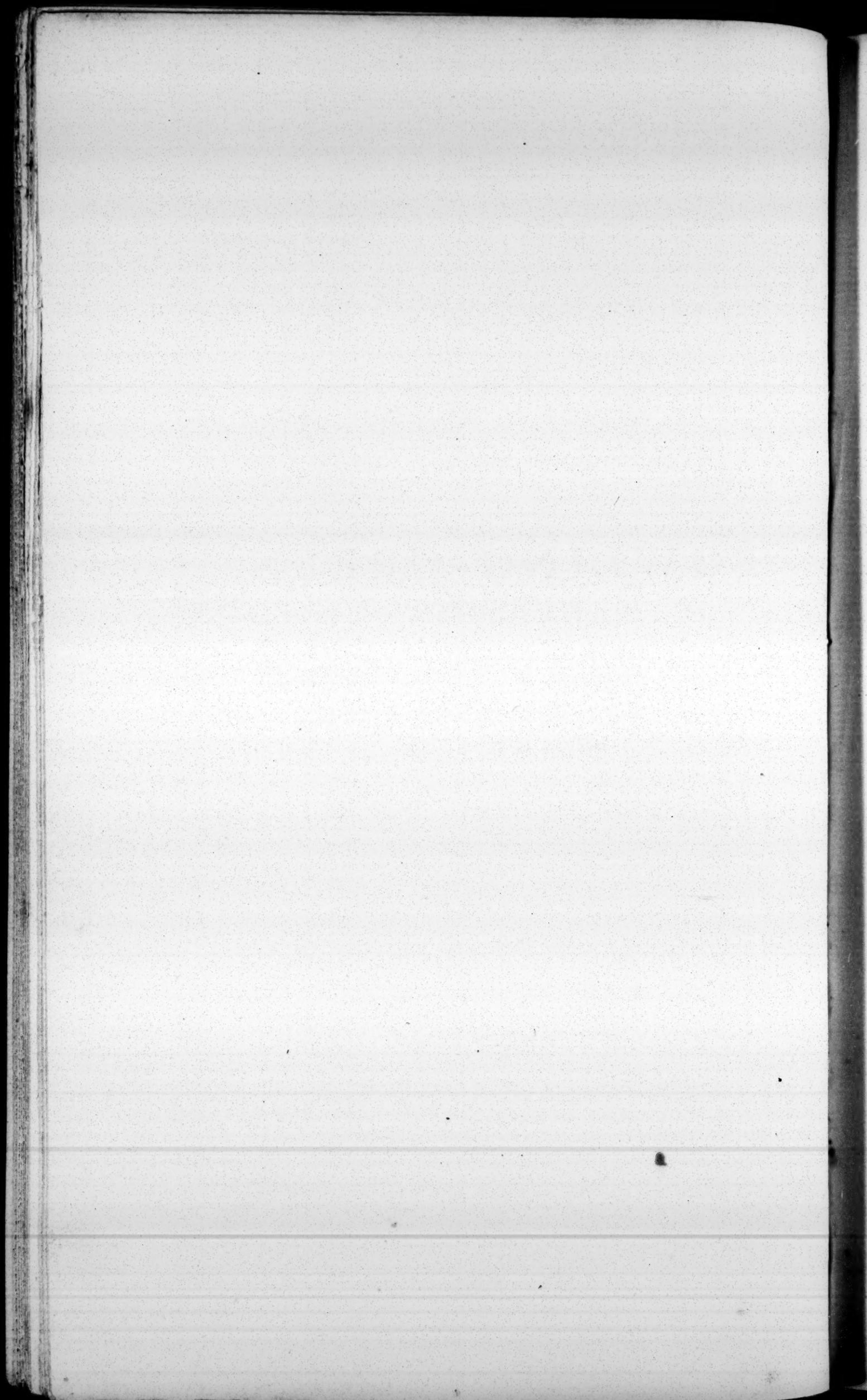
# BOWLING-GREEN.

Hic ego Pieria ludebam tutus in umbra.

MART.

K





## The BOWLING - GREEN.

**T**O sing the Green, and all its pleasing sport,  
 Where Bowlers for amusement sweet resort;  
 Where sprightly vigour, exercise bestows,  
 And social happiness, and freedom flows,  
 Where, while in sportive emulation warm,  
 And free the contest, both from wounds and harm,  
 And while each artist for the prize contends,  
 The victor, and the vanquish'd, still are friends,  
 Be now my task—and may the sportive Green,  
 The Bowls, the Bowlers, picturesque be seen:  
 Oh! may the Muse auspiciously bestow,  
 Numbers that sweetly, elegantly flow,  
 To charm, to warm, and elevate the soul,  
 And smoothly running, like the running Bowl.

Come then, Oh! Muse, presiding over games,  
 With all thy glowing, bright poetic flames,



Who taught the bards of old in lofty strains,  
 To sing heroical Olympic plains;  
 The noble champions bidding them rehearse,  
 And praise the victors in immortal verse:  
 And in their songs made rapid chariots roll,  
 In swift contention for the distant goal;  
 The race pedestrian shew'd; the darted lance;  
 Or how the wrestlers gracefully advance;  
 How some, to leap, their utmost strength bestow;  
 Some with the Cestus deal the heavy blow;  
 How some in sports of other kinds contend,  
 And to the distant mark the Discus send:  
 Come then, Oh! Muse, such influence display,  
 Support my flight where fancy wings its way,  
 With all thy graces aiding the design,  
 Then shall my Green with ev'ry beauty shine;  
 With glowing colours elegantly bright,  
 And like the real Bowling-Green delight.

Be first a proper situation found,  
 Dry be the spot, and sandy be the ground,

To

To form the Green—and that it may delight,  
 Let distant prospects open to the sight :  
 Let it not low, or in a bottom lie,  
 Nor yet its elevation be too high ;  
 Between the two extremes with nicest care,  
 And with exactness form the oblong square ;  
 And while it wide, and spaciouſly extends,  
 Differ but little in the ſides and ends :  
 Let lofty trees in proper places riſe,  
 To ſcreen the ground-plot from inclement ſkies :  
 Trees from the cold, and blighting winds defend ;  
 And from too ſcorching heats a ſhelter lend :  
 But from obſtruction free let zephyrs blow,  
 And all their pleaſing influence beſtow :  
 So when the Bowlers to the Green repair,  
 All will enjoy the ſalutary air.

When once the ground is evenly diſpos'd,  
 And by ſome low, neat palifades inclos'd,  
 The neighb'ring common muſt its tribute pay,  
 And with its clods the verdant ſurface lay :



With finest clods the common will abound;  
 For there the softest mossy grass is found,  
 Where browse the sheep, and the sweet-breathing cow,  
 Untouch'd, uninjur'd by the galling plow:  
 Near to a level must the clods be laid,  
 And the plumb-rule the nice construction aid;  
 Be all the edges made to sink with ease,  
 The middle rising, by minute degrees,  
 And thro' the seeming level of the ground,  
 Some other inequalities be found;  
 But where they slowly sink, and slowly rise,  
 Be imperceptible to nicest eyes:  
 And still to make the sportive part more neat,  
 More ornamental, useful, and compleat,  
 A little sandy trench the plot must bound;  
 Next an internal talus carry'd round;  
 Which when the Bowlers aim the rapid throw,  
 May in its turfy bosom catch the blow;  
 Back from the talus will the bowls rebound;  
 And no hard substance their smooth surface wound.

But

But ah ! how barren this imperfect draught,  
 How dry ! how flat, and impotent in thought !  
 Where are the beauties (critics will exclaim)  
 The bright imagination wing'd with flame ?  
 Bid by the Muse, who ev'ry charm supplies,  
 Lo ! round the green, the flow'ry shrubs arise :  
 See flaunting wood-bines pendulous in air ;  
 Beneath the laurel see the lily fair,  
 The purple vi'let and the blushing rose,  
 And all the graces Flora can disclose :  
 Far-stretch'd the walks extend amid' the flow'rs,  
 Thro' clumps, thro' groves, and ever-verdant bow'rs,  
 With turnings various guide to painted seats,  
 And shew a cultur'd wilderness of sweets :  
 There full in view ascends an hanging wood,  
 Of lofty oaks, that have for ages stood ;  
 Stage above stage, their ample heads display'd,  
 Casting below a venerable shade :  
 And lest the painting should appear too dry,  
 Yonder clear fountain can a stream supply,



In pleasing murmurs o'er the pebbles glide,  
 And in meanders round its passage guide :  
 And flatness chiefly the design must aid,  
 With flatness ev'ry bowling-green is made :  
 But shou'd they more embellishments require,  
 The Muse can furnish what they most desire :  
 Lo ! at her bidding, close beneath the grove,  
 Sacred to Bacchus rises the alcove ;  
 Or if the gay alcove appear too low,  
 She can a grand and lofty building shew ;  
 With ev'ry beauty wisdom can devise,  
 Behold the graceful attic story rise !  
 With easy turnings flights of steps are seen,  
 And the neat structure decorates the green :  
 Thither the pleas'd spectators may repair,  
 Below sit warm, above enjoy the air ;  
 Here, too, the bowlers may their spirits chear,  
 Whene'er fatigue, or languor shall appear :  
 There the full bowl may Temperance prepare,  
 And mix the rich ingredients with care ;

Glad

Glad shall we then the pleasing liquor see,  
 Where disagreeing qualities agree ;  
 Sweets, acids, spirits, elements combin'd,  
 In true proportion in the mixture join'd ;  
 And with Pomona's richest fragrance fraught,  
 Cool as Nepenthe's peace-procuring draught ;  
 And when the glasses from the bowl are crown'd,  
 To honest bowlers let the health go round :  
 Hence, oft perhaps the manly jovial song,  
 Shall entertain the busy sportive throng ;  
 And hence, from echoing horns duets may flow,  
 And charming, dulcet melody bestow ;  
 In chosen discords tremulously join,  
 In softly-swellung unisons combine ;  
 From note to note, in smooth transitions move,  
 Their curl'd volutes uniting as they rove.

Thus tho' the green is form'd with nicest art,  
 And entertaining made in ev'ry Part,  
 Let not a creature yet the clods molest,  
 Thro' changing seasons suffer them to rest ;

The



The clods in time will all together grow,  
Closely conjoin'd, and as one substance shew.

Soon as the sun with vivifying rays,  
Has chac'd the winter, and the spring displays,  
With circumspection on the green attend,  
From heaving moles, and casting worms defend,  
From ants and mice that closely burrow'd lye,  
These if neglected may the green destroy.

Now must the scythe be frequently employ'd,  
And a nice hand the level strokes must guide;  
The broom the mossy crop must clear away,  
And the long withy o'er the surface play,  
Quick to and fro, reverbating pafs,  
And lash away each straggling blade of grafs:  
The buskin'd horse must with fit tackle bound,  
Drag the huge roller turning slowly round;  
This way and that way rolling shall the stone,  
Make all the green its heavy pressure own,  
Hard make the turf, and spread each mossy blade  
Effacing ev'ry stroke the scythe has made:

Daily

Daily the roller must its work pursue,  
And the smooth surface of the Green renew.

When art, and nature, thus united shew,  
And perfect order on the Green bestow ;  
When birds in concert warble from the spray,  
And charming Flora welcomes in the May ;  
When temperate the days, and mildly warm,  
And heaven's blue serenity shall charm ;  
Then groups of bowlers thronging shall be seen,  
And glowing figures animate the Green :  
Some shaded seats, and some the building fill,  
These to behold, and these to prove their skill ;  
There for the sport, a party ready stands ;  
The bowls are brought, and court their skilful hands,  
Twice six their number ; all in shape the same,  
And from one stock of Lignum-vitæ came :  
A tree from whence a precious rosin flows,  
And a restoring medicine bestows :  
Lop'd from the parent tree, yet may the bowl,  
Here with its health-bestowing virtues roll,

For



For sports gymnastic, ev'ry breast inflame,  
 With glowing spirits fill the human frame,  
 Invigorating chearfulness procure,  
 Brace the weak nerve, longevity insure :  
 'Tis with its noble exercise the wood,  
 Corrects, amends, and purifies the blood,  
 Uninterrupted makes its current flow,  
 The purest phyc human creatures know :  
 The bowls in pairs, and uniformly made,  
 Proclaim the artist in the turning trade ;  
 One side is light, and one is heavy found,  
 Giving the bias as it circles round ;  
 And lest the bowls promiscuously thrown,  
 Should cause disputes, nor easily be known,  
 Or undistinguish'd, or confus'dly mix,  
 Each bowl is number'd up from one, to six :  
 The lead-piece ready for a standing lies,  
 And there the jack, diminutive in size :  
 'Tis at the jack the bowlers all must play,  
 And 'tis the jack directs the ready way

For

For each succeeding bowl ; with ardent eyes,  
 All mark its passage as its nimbly flies ;  
 And where the jack in circling portions twines,  
 Hints to the bowlers, all their nice designs :  
 Eager the bowlers three oppos'd to three,  
 Decide by lots who shall the leader be ;  
 Agree what premium shall reward the game,  
 Less for the prize ambitious than for fame :  
 The aces, duces, trays, the firsts divide,  
 Fours, fives, and sixes, the opposing side ;  
 The leading side, three shepherd swains compose,  
 The other side, three military beaux :  
 Ah ! let no great pecuniary prize,  
 Depress the bowler's breast, nor damp his joys ;  
 Let not fell gaming with delusive face,  
 The noble bowling exercise disgrace :  
 Gaming, thou fiend ! with pestilential breath,  
 Pandour to phrenzy, poverty, and death,  
 Thou blot to virtue, and thou nurse of woe,  
 Converting love to hate, and friend to foe ;

Void



Void of all honour, to religion blind,  
 Dissatisfaction glooming in thy mind,  
 With fraud, and av'rice, ever in thy train,  
 And grimly smiling can'st delight in pain,  
 Thou art a vice, with serpent-venom nurs'd,  
 The most detestable, the most accurf'd :  
 Can this vile passion fill the human breast,  
 Debase its nature, and disturb its rest ?  
 Can you be cruel, fraudulently bold,  
 And wish to riot in another's gold ?  
 Go ! hence, away ! nor let thy face be seen,  
 Nor with unworthy tread pollute the Green ;  
 At fickle Fortune's wheels, go bend thy knee,  
 And court her favours with thy golden fee ;  
 To Almack's go, and thy diversion take,  
 Rattle the dice-box, till thy elbows ache ;  
 There the accomplish'd Macaroni shew,  
 And risk thy fortune on a single throw ;  
 Go ! and with sharpers of the alley mix  
 And practise jobbing sophistry and tricks,

At Jonathan's display thy ready parts,  
 With all the gambler's deep, deceitful arts,  
 There be as wiley, as the wiley fox,  
 And rise, or fall by fluctuating stocks,  
 Thy day must come ; of all thy thousands won,  
 Be plundered, and the plunderer undone :  
 Go ! and pit lives, regard no right, or law,  
 Or from the hay-stack pluck the longest straw :  
 These are the great, right honourable sports,  
 The pretty pastimes of politest courts.

The jack now thrown, a curving passage steers,  
 And a true mark at distance due appears ;  
 See ! the first shepherd with an easy grace,  
 Follows its track exactly with an ace ;  
 Smooth runs the bowl, commendably design'd,  
 The panting bowler following behind :  
 Rather two swift it runs—rub ! rub ! he cries ;  
 Beyond the jack a foot, now stops and dies.  
 The first opposer follows with a four,  
 As nicely aim'd as was the bowl before ;

Well



Well bowl'd they cry! this never can be won!  
 Surely a toucher—if it can but run!  
 The bowl now languid, seeming near a stand,  
 The bowler waves it forward with his hand;  
 Flee, flee! he cries—true in thy trial prove,  
 Nor yet so feebly, dilatory move;  
 Flee! my good bowl—Oh flee! a little more;  
 Short of the mark it stops, and tumbles o'er.  
 The second ace, and four, in turn are try'd,  
 Too narrow this, and that as much too wide:  
 With duce, and five, now other two contend,  
 Exerting mimic rage to win the end:  
 By each, in turn, are skilful efforts made,  
 Till both the duces, and the fives are play'd:  
 Now hope, now fear, is visibly express'd,  
 And in each vary'd countenance confess'd;  
 This throws his bowl with unaffected ease,  
 And graceful, in an attitude to please;  
 One leg, or arm with motion slow extends,  
 Slowly, then drops them, as its progress ends:

This

This twists, and wreaths, in attitude of pain,  
 While his bowl travels o'er the level plain;  
 And like the fun-flow'r turning tow'rd the sun,  
 Turns, as he wishes that his bowl may run:  
 This, not contented with a distant view,  
 His running bowls will step by step pursue,  
 Sees thro' th' opposing files, the second past,  
 And tho' no toucher, lie the nearest cast.  
 The other two with trays, and fixes vie,  
 And equal skill, with equal ardour try;  
 The tray smooth traverses the grassy tract,  
 Nearly in ground, and in its length exact,  
 And strongly bias'd, curving spends its force,  
 Almost a toucher stops, and ends its course.  
 What can th' opposer with the fixes do?  
 The adverse bowls prevent his getting thro':  
 Now is the time his artful schemes to shew,  
 First over bowl, then meditate a throw;  
 He bowls his first, but bias'd over strong,  
 Sudden it draws and gets amid the throng,

L

Striking



Striking oblique the adversaries bowls,  
 Swift off the green accelerated, rolls :  
 The other tray succeeds, but cautious fears,  
 Thro' the whole progress of the bowl appears,  
 Short lies the bowl—exactly in the way,  
 The other bowler meant his bowl to play :  
 As if the game depended on the end,  
 Eager the beau attempts his play to mend,  
 A diff'rent bias the last six turns out,  
 And that way hopes the winning bowl to rout :  
 Rubs after rubs, its well-meant passage shake,  
 Nor can the bias true direction take,  
 But in descending slopes against it flies,  
 Till in the sandy trench at last it lies.  
 So rubs in great affairs may ruin cause,  
 And Fortune oft against the bias draws.  
 With prying eyes all round the bowls attend,  
 And for the shepherd swains announce the end :  
 Nor were the other bowls so short, or gone,  
 That yet the shepherds reckon only one.

The shepherd fwains a right prescriptive plead,  
 That those who gain the end again must lead ;  
 The jack a second time now speeds away,  
 And takes a curving track from where it lay ;  
 More flow, and more elliptically moves,  
 And a fresh object for contention proves.  
 Bowls after bowls from either party speed,  
 And in alternate order each succeed ;  
 Ten of the bowls were play'd, when looking o'er,  
 Which were the casts, the beaux cou'd reckon four ;  
 But soon mischance upon mischance arose,  
 Quite disconcerting the rejoicing beaux :  
 One of the shepherd party and one beau,  
 Had yet remaining each a bowl to throw ;  
 The shepherd bowls with some degree of force,  
 And grounding well his bowl directs its course  
 Amidst the beaux best bowls, where close they lay ;  
 Sets on their casts, and justles them away ;  
 Makes all confusion as it rolls along,  
 Displacing with its shocks the wooden throng ;



Concussion on concussion wider goes,  
 And bowls strike bowls with secondary blows ;  
 Crossing, diverging, now they bowl from bowl,  
 In various mathematic angles roll ;  
 Investigating what, by certain laws,  
 Direct percussion or oblique, may cause ;  
 And with elastic bodies as they move,  
 Force and resistance readily can prove ;  
 And well from them, the philosophic mind,  
 The ratios of velocity defin'd  
 Subduplicate, or duplicate, may know,  
 With all the truth experiments can show :  
 Now all throng round the bowls, their state explore,  
 And tho' till this the beaux might reckon four,  
 Three of their casts were quite displac'd and gone,  
 And now can only reckon, single one.  
 Soon the third beau without the least delay,  
 And void of caution, eager in his play,  
 Since he had bowl'd with excellence his last  
 And big with hopes to lay another cast,

Unfortunately

Unfortunately throws his other bowl,  
 And ere he sees it in the mid-way roll,  
 Perceives (Oh! shocking to be so disgrac'd)  
 That in his hand the bias was misplac'd;  
 Soon the true purpose of the bowl is foil'd,  
 For, comet-like, excentrically wild,  
 Devious it wanders, and still goes astray,  
 Wider and wider, from its destin'd way,  
 Spending its last debilitated force;  
 Lost, and egregious thro' its utmost course:  
 Just so some youth who promis'd fair to shine,  
 Among the foremost of a noble line,  
 And by a virtuous education train'd,  
 Ev'ry polite accomplishment had gain'd;  
 Too plainly shews, when unconstrain'd his choice,  
 His pre-conceiv'd propensity to vice;  
 And ere he reaches life's meridian height;  
 By folly bias'd wrong he takes his flight,  
 Thro' mazy error's dark perplexing wiles,  
 To deadly deep inextricable toils;



At length, a miserable being ends,  
 Far from his father, family and friends:  
 Woes upon woes the profligate attend,  
 Where vice begins true happiness must end.  
 The beau in passion's ebullition flames,  
 With maledictions on the chance of games,  
 When turning from the track his bowl shou'd go,  
 It started side-ways like a broken bow:  
 He fees his error with a wild surprize,  
 Midst hissing, clapping, universal noise;  
 Friends, foes, spectators, then at once combine,  
 And in a peal of taunting laughter join:  
 Now, fullen, silent, vex'd, perplex'd he sighs,  
 Nor can he raise his quite dejected eyes,  
 Shame wou'd be hid—and while he inly mourns,  
 Each way his head involuntary turns:  
 So the gilt weather-cock amid' the sky,  
 Yon taper steeple elevates on high,  
 By various blasts is variously inclin'd,  
 The wretched pastime of each gust of wind.

One all ! is now proclaim'd, with lofty sound ;  
One all re-echos, from the hills around.

The beaux renew with ardour the attack,  
From corner quite to corner flies the jack ;  
Each now at ease, and ev'ry passion still,  
Dexterity exert, and equal skill :  
From either party sounds a diff'rent cry,  
These shouting rub ! while those are crying fly !  
And some, will oft ironically jeer,  
Crying Dead short ! when yet in full career  
The bowl has past the block ; and then anon,  
When rather short the bowl, will cry, 'Tis gone !  
But jokes can ne'er the tranquil mind dismay,  
'Tis all but harmless reputable play,  
Compar'd with that vile imprecating noise,  
Where the dread sons of riot sacrifice,  
When to the cock-pit savage they resort,  
Enjoying cruel sanguinary sport.  
Each bowler now, deliberate, delays,  
Till ev'ry passage, and the diff'rent ways,



He accurately eyes—few bowls, or none,  
 Err in their latitude, or much are gone :  
 Never cou'd Fortune, who is pictur'd blind,  
 To mutability be more inclin'd,  
 For each alternate bowler lays a cast,  
 And each succeeding bowl still wins the last ;  
 The military beau, they all attest,  
 Who bowl'd the last, had won the very best :  
 To the last swain one single bowl remain'd,  
 And, that advantage might be now obtain'd,  
 He means to throw—the jack is plainly seen,  
 And a fair open all the bowls between ;  
 He looks all energy, and takes his stand,  
 With marking eyes, the bowl within his hand :  
 True, as the needle pointing to the pole,  
 With speed directed to its distant goal,  
 And strength, that's truly masculine he throws,  
 With perfect rectitude, it rapid goes,  
 Invariably right ; and mid' their bowls  
 It strikes the jack—then bounding, off it rolls.

Joyous

Joyous, the swain with eclat now appears,  
 Felicitation founding in his ears,  
 When thronging round the casts their state to see;  
 The shepherds think their bowls lie two, or three :  
 The beaux dispute the third ; 'tis then decreed,  
 To make a standing measure from a reed :  
 The reed exactly cut now leaves the hands,  
 And 'twixt the jack and bowl suspended stands :  
 That bowl is kick'd away ; the beaux now try,  
 If to their bowl suspended it can lie ;  
 But all their arts and efforts are in vain,  
 The reed suspension cannot once obtain.  
 Fortune again the baffl'd beaux abuse  
 And still her partiality accuse ;  
 Thus, the desponding abject mind will mourn,  
 And think that happiness must ne'er return :  
 Dare mortals then, short-sighted, weak, and vain,  
 Divine, unerring Providence arraign !  
 We cannot greater arrogance display,  
 Than when we censuring profanely say,

To



To those too much, to us too little given,  
 When all which men call Fortune flows from heaven.  
 Again the game is cry'd; the swains count four,  
 One the beaux count, nor yet can reckon more.

Once more the shepherds, after little pause,  
 Flush'd with success, and general applause,  
 Throw out the jack, still diff'rent in its way,  
 And by new marks diversify the play;  
 Quickly the little fugitive is seen,  
 Down in the deepest hollow of the green:  
 The shepherd's bowl now follows, and its course  
 Seems well design'd, but impotent in force;  
 The swain pursues it, and in angry mood,  
 Upbraids, and chides, the unattentive wood;  
 With pantomimic gestures Flee! he cries;  
 But short, its race soon terminating, dies.  
 The beaux first bowl with nicety design'd,  
 Made a good cast, the jack but just behind:  
 Shepherd and beau, in order each succeed,  
 And now the beaux excel the swains who lead;

Three

Three bowls were good, and artful now they try,  
 By stratagems, to guard what casts they lie ;  
 Bowl after bowl now cunningly they play,  
 Distant, at hand, and in such order lay,  
 They one obstructing series compose,  
 Guarding their casts from meditated throws :  
 Hopeless the shepherds bowl, but bowl in vain,  
 Impeding bowls their force, and arts restrain :  
 In turn the beaux, with one united voice  
 In acclamations of success rejoice ;  
 With supercilious airs now look around,  
 And seem disdainful as they tread the ground.  
 Thus from obscurity a wretch we see,  
 Rais'd to a sudden affluent degree,  
 Who grown assuming, insolent and vain,  
 Knows not his wild ambition to contain.  
 Each party now count four ; aloud they cry,  
 The game Four all ! with universal joy.

The beaux enjoying thus their share of fame  
 With renovated hope renew the game,

Thinking



Thinking to end by policy in play,  
 The long-suspended fortune of the day ;  
 And choos'ing out most difficult a track,  
 Now throw the last and terminating jack ;  
 Each party equal their success enjoys,  
 And each in hopes anticipates the prize :  
 While the spectators eagerly attend,  
 This last decisive, and concluding end.  
 Briskly with bowls the contest is begun ;  
 With some vicissitude at first they run,  
 When round the jack the military beaux,  
 Lay cast on cast, and ev'ry passage close,  
 Except one break, which lay another way,  
 And diff'rent bias from the track they play :  
 Their looks and actions all bespeak success,  
 And almost certain confidence confess :  
 But ah ! the bubble of an empty name,  
 And but a phantom, they pursue, not fame :  
 Their temporary triumph soon is o'er,  
 The bubble breaks, and they rejoice no more.

The

The bowls, now all, except the last were gone,  
 And the last shepherd had this only one :  
 Tho' it was thought impossible to win,  
 And that another bowl cou'd ne'er get in ;  
 His looks no fear, or diffidence betray,  
 Serene he reconnoitres now the way ;  
 Perhaps, unseen to all the sportive train,  
 But to the Muse, and this much-favour'd swain,  
 Descending from the skies, the spotless maid  
 Minerva, came to give her timely aid ;  
 And elegantly turn'd, a statue stood,  
 Before his eyes in animated Wood.  
 Hither, his partner cries, you must bowl round ;  
 And with his handkerchief marks out the ground :  
 Soon as the bowl his skilful hand forsakes,  
 Smooth as a scater skims o'er frozen lakes,  
 It pass'd along with circular parade,  
 Exactly where the handkerchief was laid ;  
 Now gains descending slopes, and on it rolls,  
 Thro' just one open of opposing bowls ;

Insinuates



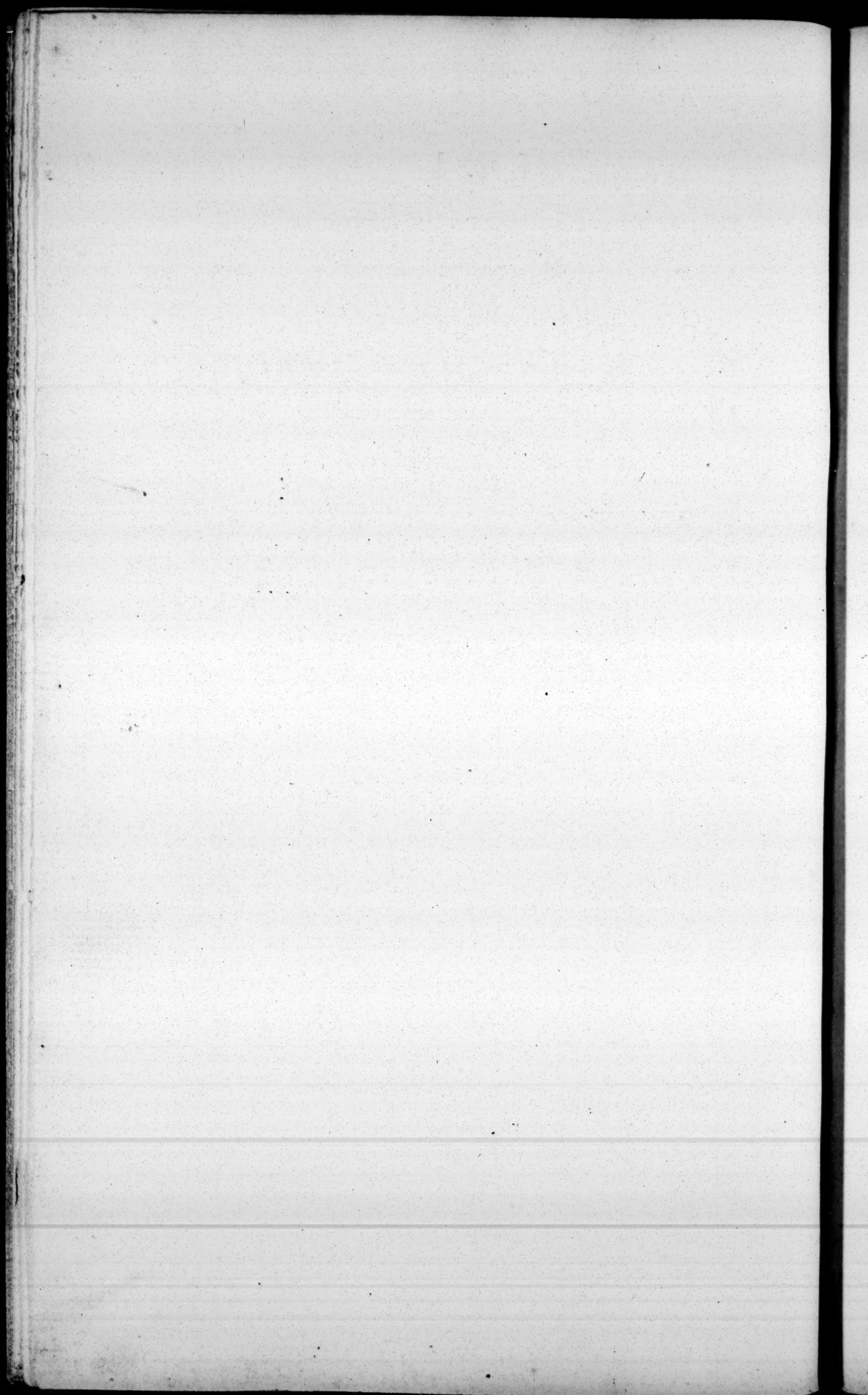
Infinuates itself without one shock,  
 Now flow it creeps—yet creeps—to reach the block;  
 And falling side-ways a close toucher lies,  
 While shouts victorious echo thro' the skies.  
 A rev'rend Doctor and the shepherd's friend,  
 Soon as he saw the sportful contest end,  
 As umpire came, with careful steps and slow,  
 Both praise and gratulation to bestow;  
 Tho' wasting time had silver'd o'er his head,  
 Yet his plump cheek retain'd the rosy red;  
 He with benevolence, and manners mild,  
 In honesty a man, in fraud a child,  
 Oft in his chearful temperate regale,  
 With Latin remnants ek'd his evening tale,  
 And from the most distressing cares exempt,  
 Too low for envy, and above contempt,  
 Truly polite, and graceful in his meen,  
 Far from corruption, and from courts had seen,  
 In easy affluence the seasons roll,  
 With noble independency of soul:

Now

Now, he elate, the fragrant whiff fuspends,  
 And wav'd in air the taper tube extends,  
 Euge! my boys, with voice exulting cries,  
 Your's be the honour, and be your's the prize:  
 All catch the joyful shout, at once combine  
 And in a chorus of applauding join:  
 Squees'd by the hand the victors all commend,  
 And on their shoulders the smart flaps descend,  
 While for the shepherds, they the prize proclaim  
 And with the prize their wish'd reward of Fame.

A N





A N

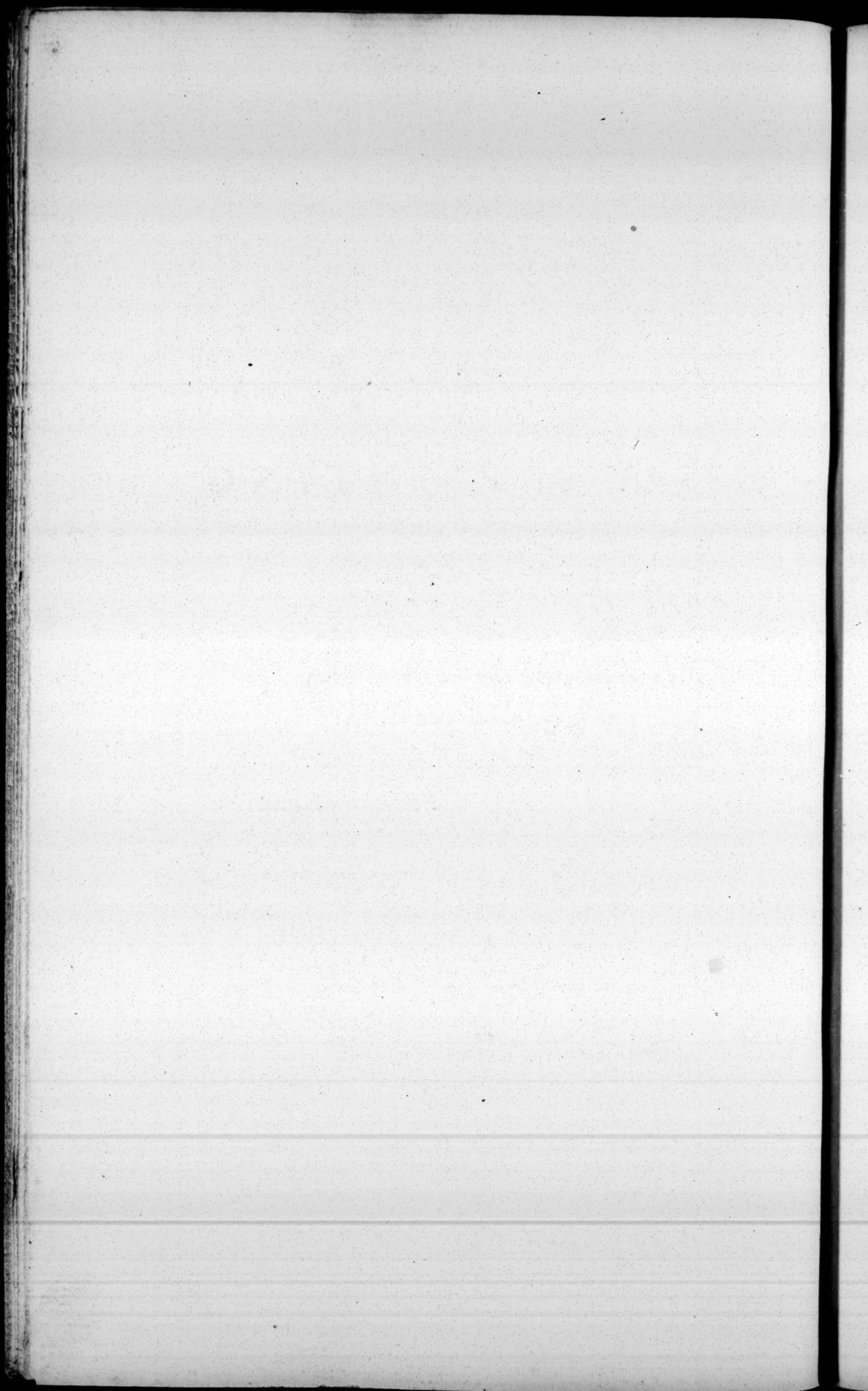
## ESSAY on PAINTING.

Ut pictura poësis erit : quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiat magis ; et quædam, si longius abstes :  
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :  
Hæc placuit semel : hæc decies repetita placebit.

HOR. de arte Poetica.

M





## AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

**P**AINTING divine, that ev'ry bosom warms,  
 That both the learned and unletter'd charms,  
 From thy bright graces, let some radiance dart  
 Its emanations to thy sister art :  
 Give it expression, give it life and ease,  
 Then shall my verse like some fair picture please :  
 And Oh ! Minerva, kindly aid my lays ;  
 Art be my guide, the painting art to praise ;  
 And may the Nine creative strains bestow,  
 Bright in my song make vivid colours glow,  
 Such as may proper energy impart,  
 And deep imprint its graces in the heart :  
 Say how the science was at first obtain'd,  
 How, by gradations its perfection gain'd,  
 From man to statues ; how the statue taught,  
 To trace on canvas the imperfect draught,  
 And by the pencil's imitative aid  
 To glow with mimic life in light and shade.



Say, for you know, from whom the art was given  
 Divine its origin, and sprung from heaven :  
 The great Creator first the work began,  
 And gave a copy of himself in man.  
 Man is an earthly statue finely wrought,  
 Endu'd with life, and penetrating thought ;  
 Where, warm with blood, the branching veins enroll  
 With ligaments and nerves, the active soul :  
 And Oh ! how fearfully (the Psalmist said  
 In sacred song) and wonderfully made.

Perhaps Lot's wife, when warn'd to haste away  
 From Sodom, disobeying with delay,  
 With looks reverted, and up-lifted hands,  
 And feet firm rooted in the barren sands,  
 By heav'n's just wrath a petrefaction grown,  
 Appear'd the first, and only statue known.

Art hence arose ; and hence it may be trac'd,  
 Long by most gross idolatry disgrac'd :  
 But sculpture soon, tho' barbarous and rude,  
 Among the learn'd in estimation stood,

And

And in Egyptian deities display'd,  
Encreas'd in numbers by the chifel's aid;  
In human forms, the stone and brafs appears,  
Eyes without fight, and without hearing, ears.

Hence their mythology the Magi date,  
Ifis, and Os'ris shone in pagan state,  
Their Oromazes, principle of light,  
Their Mythras, or their middle god, shone bright,  
With Arimanius, principle of ill,  
Darkness and sorrow; and old Orus still  
The sacred Persian monuments enroll,  
And Zoroaster's words confirm the whole.

From thence to Greece the art sublime was brought,  
And in their schools with veneration taught:  
Tho' force of genius never cou'd devise,  
In sculptur'd forms th' Omnipotent, all-wise,  
Nor finite art, infinity express,  
They gave each attribute its form and dress;  
Teaching the marble prodigy to shine,  
With graces, and with lineaments divine.



Magnificence supreme appear'd in Jove ;  
 Beauty in Venus, the fair queen of love ;  
 The wanton Cupid, giving pleasing pain,  
 And smiling Graces follow'd in her train.  
 Drawn by proud peacocks Juno rul'd the air ;  
 Mars rode triumphant in his bloody car :  
 Pluto, and Neptune, earth and sea express'd,  
 And Vulcan elemental fire confess'd :  
 In bright Apollo divination shone ;  
 And Bacchus mark'd the vintage for his own :  
 Ceres, the harvest with full plenty crown'd ;  
 And chaste Diana made the woods resound :  
 Wisdom, Minerva, pure and spotless maid,  
 Espous'd, and gave to sciences her aid :  
 They made wing'd Mercury in speed excel ;  
 And gloomy Proserpine reign'd queen of hell.  
 Thus in perfection sculpture came to Rome,  
 Gracing the temple, palace, and the tomb.

From sculpture, painting its first progress made  
 In graphic out-lines destitute of shade :

But

But soon in Grecian, and in Roman schools,  
The noble art obtain'd its pleasing rules ;  
Cou'd with perfection, on plain canvas trace,  
The glowing beauties of a charming face,  
To figur'd groups their full expression give,  
And in each passion bid the picture live.

Hence true perspective soon began to shine,  
With lengthen'd beauty thro' the waving line ;  
And with deceptions pleasing to the sight,  
Extend all distances with shade and light :  
'Tis light, projection and depression shews,  
And thro' the landscape ev'ry colour throws :  
Hail, holy light ! thou essence of the whole,  
Conveying vary'd objects to the soul :  
Thou first-created subtle being rare,  
Daughter of heav'n, thou art its offspring fair.  
Light in a star, with twinkling beauty shews,  
And in a comet blazing dreadful glows,  
Dawning in jewels with reflected rays,  
And in a glow-worm counterfeits a blaze,



From smallest sparks to raging flame can rise,  
Pale in a taper, and in ashes dies.

From light's pure fountain sight a being draws,  
Of space, and place investigates the laws :  
'Tis by the sight imagination lives,  
And comprehension to each object gives :  
The vaulted arch of heaven, vast and high,  
Enters at once the pupil of the eye ;  
Sight can extremes with nice distinction view,  
And in an instant form a judgment true,  
Takes in the beauty of each glorious ray,  
When rising Phœbus gilds the early day,  
Or when he glows with bright meridian heat,  
Or sets in ruddy vespertine retreat.

Thus light, sight, optics, mutual aid impart,  
And systematic rules advanc'd the art ;  
And, as with forming lines the pencil mov'd,  
And follow'd nature, nature still improv'd ;  
One principle of light, with strength bestow'd,  
Soft in repose ev'ry shadow shew'd,

Gave

Gave lesser lights subordinate degrees,  
 Skill'd both to ease defects, and skill'd to please:  
 Right diminution in due order place,  
 And to each action add a speaking face.  
 Then cou'd the painter daring flights pursue,  
 With noble gusto regularly true,  
 Join with the knowledge of historic page,  
 Poet, divine, philosopher, and sage;  
 Each well-connected, and contrasted mass,  
 And various attitudes with judgment class;  
 Contour, invention, distribution join,  
 Grandeur of stile, with beauty's vary'd line;  
 With plastic art the vivid colours throw,  
 And each assemblage exquisitely shew,  
 Where the sublime is truly taught to shine,  
 And shew the finish'd piece with grace divine.

Such were the rules the antient masters chose,  
 When Phidias, Zeuxis, and Apelles rose;  
 And the great moderns their bright track pursue,  
 A Michael Angelo's grand works we view;

A Titian's



A Titian's awful, celebrated piece :  
 Divine was Raphael ; happy Veronese :  
 Nature by Rubens nearly was outdone,  
 Great were Van Dyck, a Rosa, and Le Brun.  
 Hence the productions, of our present time,  
 Magnificently wrought with true sublime,  
 Th' analysis of perfect beauty shew,  
 And each nice connoisseur must praise bestow.  
 What cannot Albion's happy sons effect ?  
 When Royal Patrons, the fine arts protect ;  
 The Vatican itself shall dull appear,  
 The soul of painting bright must flourish here.

Nature herself some master-strokes has given,  
 And shews that painting is deriv'd from heaven :  
 E'en stones and gems the science to advance,  
 Discover tints beyond the reach of chance :  
 Witness that beauteous Agate of renown,  
 Whose wonders Pliny has transmitted down,  
 Within whose surface, to a polish brought  
 Kind nature's pencil, exquisitely wrought,

With

With colours, and with lines the art to aid,  
All the Nine Muses in one group display'd;  
Each well distinguish'd and in order plac'd,  
Apollo with his lute the circle grac'd.

To elevate the mind, and please the sight,  
To raise at once, our rev'rence and delight,  
Painting has charms, that all sublime appear,  
Checking our pleasure with an awful fear;  
In raptures we admire each bold design,  
And almost think the forming hand divine;  
So delicately warm, some pieces glow,  
And with such strokes inimitable shew,  
They may (tradition says) not only praise,  
But adoration causing as we gaze,  
The stile so softly sweet, and nobly grand,  
Confess the fainted, or angelic hand.

But, ah! what accents can expression give,  
And as the painter make the figures live:  
Motion and graces cannot be unfurl'd  
By words, and sounds unknown to half the world;

While



While graceful painting ev'ry tongue commands,  
 And speaks the language of remotest lands.  
 Oh! cou'd my Muse with excellence aspire,  
 To sing thy beauties with Du Fresnoy's fire;  
 Each visionary scene with art controul,  
 Thro' all the vary'd motions of the foul,  
 Each great idea, qualify'd inweave,  
 To raise, to charm, to terrify, to grieve,  
 Or numbers speak like painting to the eyes,  
 Then striking pictures in my song shou'd rise.

See! painted there a sweet and sylvan scene

“ Thro' clumps of trees the mountain tops are seen :  
 “ In purling streams the murm'ring fountain flows ;  
 “ There the neat cot, an humble shelter shews :  
 “ While jocund swains in sportive circles bound,  
 “ In rural dance, and active beat the ground.”

See! there, of Grecian charity, the test ;

“ The father nourish'd from the daughter's breast !  
 “ In solitary gloom reclines the sage,  
 “ The tints embrown'd with venerable age.”

See!

See! horrid there the furious tempest rise,  
 " Where sable night involves th' extended skies,  
 " Save when the forked lightning wings its way,  
 " In flashes, darting momentary day :  
 " The rolling thunders, seem the clouds to rend,  
 " And compound ruin, and destruction fend :  
 " Raging the winds, midst raging surges roar,  
 " Waves pil'd on waves, in mountains dash the shore,  
 " Sudden then falling, as they sudden rose,  
 " The dreadful horrors of the deep disclose :  
 " While helpless mariners in wild despair,  
 " Eye the convulsive, elemental war."

There, see the canvas with expression tell,  
 " How Julius Cæsar in the Senate fell !  
 " See, how he stands ! the patriots all around,  
 " In attitudes inflicting wound and wound :  
 " All pale, suffus'd with blood, his eye-balls roll ;  
 " Fainting he seems, and groaning out his soul."

Lo! with what warmth, in vary'd light and shade,  
 " Great Alexander yonder is portray'd ;

" Proudly



" Proudly he rides—and thro' heroic deeds,  
 " Indissolubly firm the phalanx leads,  
 " In dreadful union: while each martial head,  
 " Nodding with various plumage is o'er-spread:  
 " Each ample shield some argument displays;  
 " Bright shine the spears, reflecting blaze on blaze:  
 " Now man to man, and horse oppos'd to horse,  
 " Each dealing wounds pursues his rapid course:  
 " The dead, and dying, thick bestrow the ground,  
 " And o'er the bloody heaps the horses bound;  
 " And as the dreadful slaughter meets the eyes,  
 " We almost think we hear the dying cries."

Lo! there the heav'nly babe the Virgin bears,  
 " Confessing in fond looks the parent's cares;  
 " See! innocently sportive on her breast,  
 " The holy infant, soft reclining rest;  
 " And as the smiling burden she displays,  
 " Hangs o'er his charms, and smile for smile repays:  
 " A glorious radiance speaks him all divine,  
 " And in the child the beams of God-head shine."

See!

See! there again, in manhood's riper years,

" At Cana's marriage-feast the God appears ;

" See, how the water, at the word divine,

" Confess'd its maker blushing into wine!"

There too the Saviour of the world we see,

" Beneath the fruitless execrated tree :

" Sudden the tree, the blasting word receives,

" Thro' its luxurious barrenness of leaves."

There on the mountain see! with modest grace,

" The heav'nly orator again we trace ;

" Rising conspicuous on the topmost mound,

" He charms the list'ning multitude around ;

" The humble attitude in which he prays,

" His purity immaculate displays ;

" The sanctity, with which his soul is fraught,

" Is in each precept, and each action taught ;

" His looks, which perfect charity confess,

" A living sermon of the truth express ;

" And as his eye with temper'd awe appears,

" Seeming with eloquence to charm our ears,

" More



“ More than Hyblæan sweets his lips disclose,  
 “ While with beatitude each accent flows.”  
 But see, alas ! how those sad tints disclose,  
 “ The blackest comprehensive scene of woes :  
 “ Lo ! voluntary there man’s sacrifice,  
 “ Bows his meek head, and the Redeemer dies :  
 “ Fix’d to the cross, his healing arms are bound,  
 “ While copious mercy streams from ev’ry wound :  
 “ Mark the red drops that life exhausting roll,  
 “ And the strong pang that rends the panting soul :  
 “ Death with slow tortures, and severe delay,  
 “ Exults and riots in supremest sway :  
 “ And canst thou stupid man such sorrow see !  
 “ Nor share the anguish which was born for thee !  
 “ Thy sins for which his sacred flesh is torn,  
 “ Point ev’ry nail and sharpen ev’ry thorn :  
 “ Nature convulsive, smarts in ev’ry wound,  
 “ With pangs that cleave the sympathetic ground :  
 “ Lo ! the blank sun his chariot backward driven,  
 “ Blots out the day, and perishes from heaven ;

“ Earth

“ Earth trembling from her entrels bears a part,  
 “ And the rent-rock upbraids man’s flinty heart :  
 “ Yawning the grave reveals his gloomy reign,  
 “ And the cold gastly dead appear again.”

See painted there! with dread prophetic fire,  
 “ The groaning earth absorb’d in flame expire ;  
 “ Unshrouded there the bright Messiah see  
 “ Wrap’d in full blaze of pow’r and majesty,  
 “ Ride on the clouds, while as his chariot flies,  
 “ The bright effulgence streams thro’ all the skies.  
 “ See ! how the proud dissolving mountains glow,  
 “ And yielding rocks in fi’ry rivers flow !”

Such moulten deluge round the world must roar,  
 And all mens arts and labours be no more.

Note. I must own myself indebted for some thoughts, as also for some of the lines, in the last part of this Poem, to a manuscript put into my hands by a gentleman, which was written by a Right Reverend Prelate ; but I could never find that it was made public.





ON HIS GRACE  
WILLIAM, Duke of Devonshire,  
COMING OF AGE,  
IN JANUARY, 1770.

Hic tibi certa domus; certi ne abſiſte Penates. VIRGIL.





On his Grace the Duke of Devonshire's  
coming of Age.

COME lofty strains, and Heliconian lays,  
My voice above its former daring raise;  
Come sweet preluding, symphonizing lyre,  
Airs all sublime, and true poetic fire,  
Such as when Clio sweeps the sounding strings,  
And with a charming voice some Hero sings,  
With vary'd trills, and grace divine, she moves,  
And thro' the soul of harmony she roves.

For such the Poet now invokes the Muse,  
Ere high-attempting he his flight pursues,  
Aided by her he soars with vent'rous wings,  
And the grand theme in lofty numbers sings,  
Ambitious dares the noble task engage,  
To hail a Devonshire's now ripen'd age.

Now Agenoria has begun her sway,  
And from Juventas leads the Son away;



Conducts him safely to renown'd abodes,  
 And bids him claim his Father's Household Gods.  
 All hail the day! the choral song prepare,  
 Let joyful Pæans fill the vocal air,  
 Thro' all Britannia's Isle let joy abound,  
 And the pleas'd Echo spread the grateful sound.

Come Ceres, Bacchus, and Pomona twine,  
 The festive wreath, and in the banquet join,  
 Hither let India her choice tribute send,  
 Earth, Sea, and Air, their friendly succour lend;  
 Hither may Genius, and high learning come,  
 And with Religion grace the lofty dome:  
 Chaste Pleasure come, and elevate the soul,  
 Come dimpl'd Hebe, with inspiring bowl:  
 Smiling let blithe Euphrosyne advance,  
 With sister Graces, in the sprightly dance:  
 Come thou acknowledg'd sacred, most divine,  
 By constant Incense offer'd to thy shrine,  
 With vows each Cavendish so truly paid,  
 To thee, their darling, and most-favour'd maid;

Thou

Thou mountain Nymph sweet Liberty appear,  
 With gratulations to the Chatworth Heir :  
 And fairest Peace, be thou auspicious found,  
 Kind nurse of Arts, with olive-garlands crown'd;  
 Often thy blessings Cavendish display'd;  
 To thee has richest sacrifices made,  
 And true to thee, and for Britania's good,  
 Firm and unshaken as a mountain stood.

Nor least conspicuous with a plummy crest,  
 Be honour'd Ancestry a welcome guest,  
 By old Proserpina led with decent shew,  
 And lengthen'd robes, which far behind him flow;  
 His aspect noble, free from blot or stain,  
 And all the Virtues will support his train;  
 High-titl'd Peerage sumptuous may appear,  
 And Herald pageantry, and badges wear,  
 Achievements various, won in various wars,  
 With garters, ribbands, coronets, and stars,  
 Tho' deck'd with all that ere adorn'd the Line,  
 Through the wrought veil still Cavendish will shine.



All toil suspended for the festive day,  
 Round happy Chatworth welcome sport and play,  
 With weighty implements no creature groan,  
 To bring to view the variegated stone :  
 Bid swarthy wretches their hard task give o'er,  
 Bending beneath a load of heavy ore,  
 With air and day-light, giving joy and peace,  
 Bid the dark labours of the Miner cease.

Fame with thy trumpet Cavendish resound,  
 The Son of Freedom ne'er may slander wound,  
 Of race so noble, uncorrupted, brave,  
 Which fell Ambition yet cou'd ne'er enslave ;  
 Lo ! now imagination fees arise,  
 An awful figure full before her eyes,  
 His noble soul bright-beaming in his face,  
 With fair proportion, and each manly grace,  
 Enur'd to watchings of molesting state,  
 The toils of office, toils of long debate,  
 Who in true friendship elevated shone  
 Risking to save a Russel's life, his own,

To

To vile Oppression who cou'd never yield,  
 But Albion's guardian, bravely took the field,  
 Like some avenging Angel in command,  
 His flaming sword high waving in his hand;  
 When serving most, serv'd not for selfish ends,  
 But for his Monarch, Country, and his Friends.

As near thy Chatsworth Derwent rolls his waves,  
 And full, and clear, its verdant borders laves,  
 But still enlarging as it farther flows,  
 In Ocean spreading no confinement knows:  
 In early times, thus Cavendish we find,  
 With noble lineage, rich endowments join'd;  
 But as more known, increas'd still more in Fame,  
 And new Additions in succession came;  
 Honours on honours roll'd, like wave on wave,  
 And all that Fortune cou'd bestow, she gave:  
 And as the Line from its first noble Head,  
 Clear and unfully'd has with virtue spread;  
 As Clio dubious who records the past,  
 Knows not who most excell'd, the first or last,

May



May boundless excellence be still your view,  
Who most excell'd, be yet excell'd by you.

When Time with happy omens bids you wed,  
And brings deserving beauty to your bed,  
Highly accomplish'd, and of noble race,  
Whose least perfection is a charming face,  
May she with constancy return your love,  
And like a Shrewsb'ry elevated prove :  
May Heirs unnumber'd, great as those before,  
Prolong the Line till Time shall be no more.

# IN LIBERTATEM.

Ingenia melius recta se in laudes ferunt,  
Si nobilem animum vegeta Libertas alit.  
Pulcrum eminere est inter illustres viros ;  
Consulere patriæ ; parcere afflictis ; ferà  
Cæde abstinere ; tempus atque iræ dare ;  
Orbi quietem ; seculo pacem suo.  
Hæc summa virtus : petitur hac cœlum viâ.

SENECA.

—— Natosque pater nova bella moventes,  
Ad pœnam pulchrà pro Libertate vocabit  
Infelix: utcunque ferunt ea facta minores,  
Vincit amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.

VIRGIL.





[ 189 ]

IN LIBERTATEM.

GRATA Libertas populo benigna,  
Luculentà quam pietate tollunt  
Anglicani; nunc tibi liberale  
Dedico carmen.

O! Camænis quæ celebranda castis  
Digna: quæ terræ decus et beatis  
Dis Olympi: dulce dato vocanti  
O! modulamen:

Et tuam laudem, pueros canentes,  
Alme Libertas refonà faveto  
Voce: formosas placido puellas  
Et fave cantu:

Ferte chordis barbita seniores  
Grata, matronæque heliconiis: et  
Sit chorus latè omnibus Albionis  
Undique terris

Cum



Cum lyrà Phœbi, fidibusque dignis  
Orphei ; testudine cumque dolci ;  
Tibiis blandè querulis ; et aptè  
Dicite mecum :

O ! probæ virtutis amata mater,  
Duplicans quæ delicias fluentes,  
Vitam et omni parte beatam agens  
Es Dea certè.

Auctor es vitæ ; unde benignus ardor ;  
Tu per artus das animam perennem :  
Es Dei icon ; quâ sine fumus eheu !  
Pulvis et umbra.

Numen ultro, te bonitate magnâ  
Dedit altum mortalibus ; parentes  
Perderant primi quia te, dolosâ  
Fraude Colubri.

Nonne Libertatis amor fit omni  
Gente? jus, industria, semper artes  
Liberales, sunt tua, paxque fasque,  
Vera propago.

Roma sic quondam fuit et vetusta  
Et potens, sacræ veneranda sedes  
Atque Libertatis; agit dum honore  
Rexit et orbem:

Cum malignis destituere tandem  
Ausus esset fraudibus alter altrum,  
Tunc superba urbs, consiliisque fractis,  
Perdedit ipsam.

Si locorum perdita nunc ubique  
Flamma Libertatis amabilis sit,  
Intuetur Vestæ apud Anglicanos  
Nos, velut ignem:

Namquæ



Namque sacratum proavi putabant,  
 Et colebant; sanguine maximorum,  
 Qui tuis altaribus alma celsis  
 Thura ferebant.

Recta tete progenies piorum  
 Æstimabit; quam volucres canoræ,  
 Semper et campi pecudes virentis  
 Ritè fruuntur.

Ecce equus, qui fræna vagus recusans  
 Naribus stridet patulis, petitque  
 Te; sono item quadrupedante pulsat,  
 Ungula campum.

Celebrantes te voce sæpe dulci  
 Ecce ramos per virides columbæ;  
 Mox per auram vis liquidam volantes  
 Tendere pennas.

Molle vellus quæ gerit alba tergo  
 In tuâ sic saltitat agna balans  
 Laude; pastorum fugitanſque prata  
 Florida carpit.

Se levans in nubibus implicatis  
 Ad tuam cantabit alauda laudem;  
 Et fugax cœlum liquido ferenum  
 Guttore mulcet,

Vera Libertas amat acta digna;  
 Semper insignis fuit actione  
 Quæ pios mores moderatur omnes  
 Lege Deorum.

E finu te Fastus inanis urget  
 Cinctus insigni radiante gemmâ:  
 Quibus essent purpuræque vestes  
 Regibus absis.



Te negat Victoria laureata,  
 Qui triumphans sanguineâque famâ  
 Patriam dum compedit, ille certe  
 Compedit ipsum.

Sedulo cum vultu, Honor altus à te  
 Ecce Libertate fugit! cum et auctis  
 Præ rosâ elatus titulis amarus  
 Carduus hæret.

O! miser, vel terque quaterque tortus,  
 Occupatus qui Ambitione semper  
 Vivit: à te distat ut ecce terrâ  
 Distat Olympus.

Cæca multos subjugat et Libido;  
 Nam voluptas luxuriosa fallax:  
 Negligit qui vincere passiones  
 Vincitur illis.

Sordidus cui copia multa rerum  
 Est; opes aut accumulât nefandas,  
 Vincit auro est; ducit et ille vitam  
 Rebus in arctis.

En Adulantum numerosum et agmen!  
 Hic superbus non meminit futuri;  
 Iste pravis, perfidus arma tecta  
 Omnibus urget,

Hi parentum nam decora alta vastant;  
 Natio virtute carens inepta,  
 Jure, Libertate quoque abrogatâ  
 Venditur auro.

Sed tuo in loco quia factiosi  
 Furiosam sæpe Licentiam dant  
 Nationi; heu! zelotypusque vulgus  
 Accipit Hydram:



Ista prætentos aditus malorum  
Pandit et cum seditione cæcà  
Et tumultu, morte repente pollens  
Omnia vastat.

Hinc procul Licentia turpis esto ;  
Improbæ curæ, dolor atque vitæ  
Este longe cum anxietate tristi  
Hinc procul omni.

Æst honor fit splendida servitudo ;  
Optimates pompaque vana regnet ;  
Munerent et cum tituli superbi  
Pectore curas :

Quis agit vitam liber, et quietus ?  
En ferenà Ruricolam beatum  
Mente ! qui prudens potietur arvis  
Pace paternis.

Millies aut amplius ille felix !

Ille Libertate duce auspicate

Et faluber, sine timore diro

Montibus errat :

Aureo rectè modo, vivit unquam,

Et colit semper mediocritate

Tete amatam : O ! unicus ille certe

Vincula frustrat.

Dum mare at circumfluit Albionem ;

Inque gyrum dum redit annus ; atque

Tempus, et lux est sine fine lucens

Sis veneranda,



PSALMI 124 Paraphrasis.

———— Minuentur atræ  
Carminē curæ.      HOR.

I.

**A**UXILIO mihi ni Deus esset, nunc ait Israel,  
Auxilio tristi, ni Deus esset amans :

II.

Quandoquidem rabidi dederant nos esse vorandos  
Haud mora, pugnabant qui pede, cumque manu ;

III.

Oppressi vero fuimus sub flumine forti,  
Victam quando animam gurgite volvat aqua ;

P S A L M 124th paraphrased in English.

And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.      MILTON.

I.

**I**F the Lord had not defended,  
Now may Israel truly say :  
If the Lord had not befriended  
When men fill'd us with dismay :

II.

When in wrathful high displeasure,  
They began to work us woe,  
To be swallow'd our hard measure,  
They had quickly laid us low.

III.

Vice profane, and folly shewing,  
Our destruction they had vow'd  
In the stream so strongly flowing,  
Delug'd on us by the Proud :



IV.

Attamen inflati vexant nos usque profundum,  
Adversum ac animam confluet unda vorax :

V.

Sanctum sed Domini nomen nunc laudibus ornem,  
A sævo tutor, qui cito dente fuit :

VI.

Ast animus laqueo se tanquam avis eripit acer ;  
Perrupto laqueo, nunc ego tutus ero.

VII.

A Domino est mea libertas, hoc nomine spero,  
Qui cœli spatium fecit et orbis ovans.

IV. Near



IV.

Near destroy'd the feat of thinking,  
Stupefaction on us stole,  
Deep amid' the water sinking  
Quite o'erwhelm'd had been the soul :

V.

But, Oh! Lord, thy name be praised,  
Who protected from their claws,  
Nor wou'd give us up amazed  
For a prey to savage jaws :

VI.

Then our soul escap'd rejoicing,  
As a bird escapes the snare,  
And the fowler's lure enticing,  
Safe deliver'd by his care.

VII.

From the Lord all strength is given,  
And our hope is in his name ;  
Who the boundless arch of Heaven,  
Earth and universe cou'd frame.



ΧΡΥΣΟΔΑΚΤΥΛΙΟΣ.

Ad eruditum Dominum GEORGIUM COPE-  
LANDUM, A. B. studiorum meorum juveni-  
lium directorem, cum annulo, Oratione Do-  
minica, in tabulà minimà, scriptà, rubenti-  
bus lapillis circumdata, et subter cryftallum  
inserta.

Tam beator omnibus lapillis ;

Tam fim clarior omnibus lapillis. BUCHAN.

AUREA cum materià, decorem

Annulo summum tribuant Eoi

Vix lapilli, etsi maculà carentes,

Arte magistrà,

Lævigati : ad sidera porrigente

Te manus Copelande, tibi annulorum

Optimum sed quod facit, ipse Noster

Est Pater intus.

The

The Latin Verses translated; sent by the Author to the Reverend Mr. GEORGE COOPLAND, with a Ring: the Ring having the whole Pater noster, wrote very small, set under a Crystal.

Let other Rings with jewels bright,  
Cast around their costly light,  
Let them want no noble stone——  
Yet shall thy Ring give place to none. COWLEY.

NOT each Eastern gem that glows,  
Free from blemish, cut with art;  
Nor the gold that lustre shews,  
To this Ring its grace impart.

But the Ring perfection claims,  
When his hands my Coopland joins;  
And in pray'r his zeal enflames:  
In it Pater noster shines.

Corde



Corde fervatus Pater ipse Noster,  
Ore quem fundis precibus rotundo,  
O! decus fit nam digito lapillis  
Auriculari,

F I N I S.

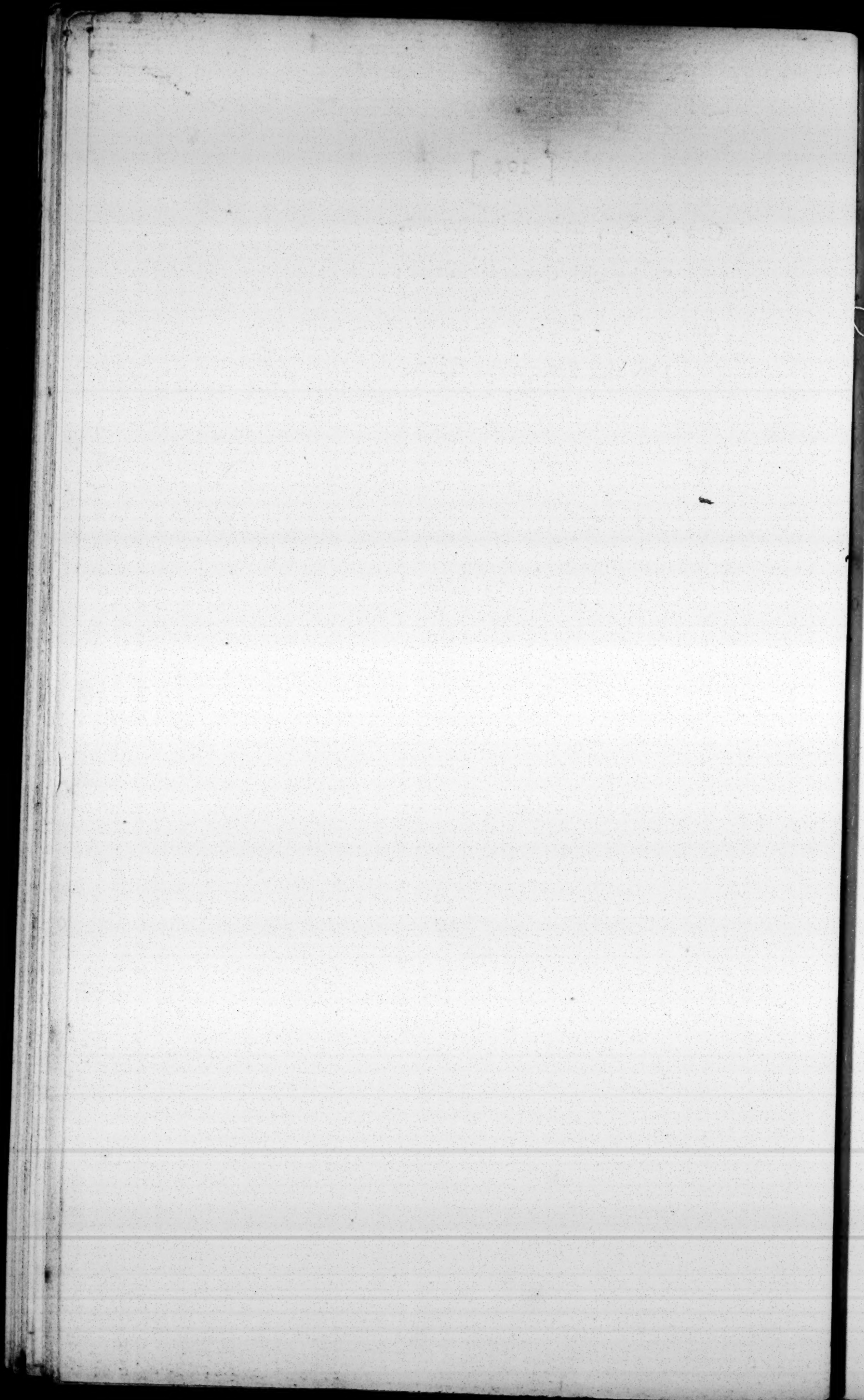
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Gracing foul, and gracing tongue,  
Spoke with eloquence divine;  
On your little finger long,  
May this Pater noster shine,

T H E E N D.

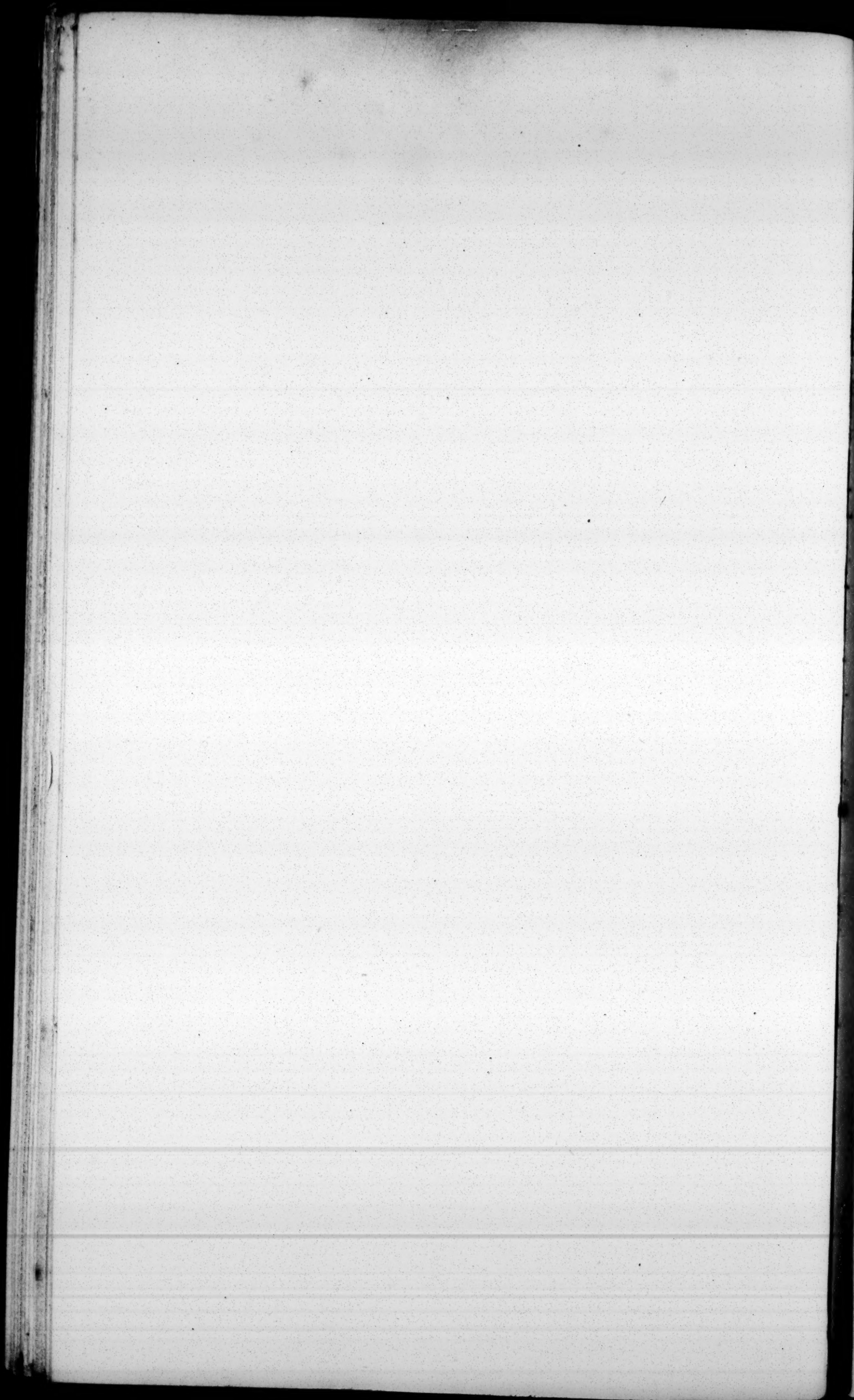












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